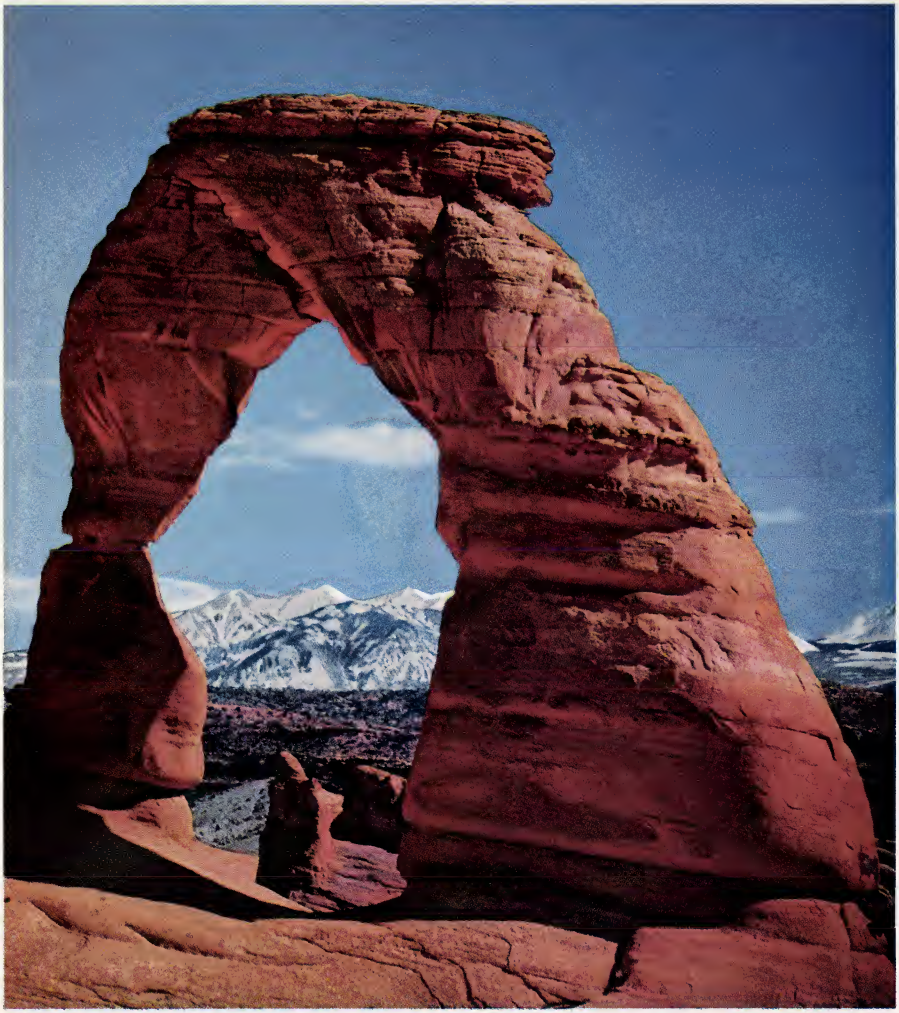


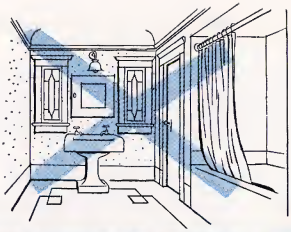
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EXPLORING THE Universe

by Dr. Franklin S. Harris, Jr.

THE MULGA ant in Central Australia builds a mud wall up to fourteen inches in diameter and five inches in height, around the mouth of its nest and then thatches the wall with thousands of dead mulga leaves.

THE EXTENT of the use of copper by ancient civilizations can be seen by recent estimates of the amount of copper produced in early times, in the period from 2600 B.C. (Egyptian Dynasty III) for 1500 years totaling 10,000 tons (C. N. Bromehead), and of 20,000 tons between 1300 and 800 B. C. (R. J. Forbes) given in the new *History of Technology.*

THE UNITED STATES Department of Agriculture estimates that the damage done by diseases, insects, and weeds is thirty times that spent for chemical controls each year. The amounts are $7.5 billion against $241 million.

THE ELEPHANT was used along the borders of the Sahara Desert in the days of Carthage and the first part of the Roman Empire. The camel was introduced later. The wild elephants, small of stature compared to the Asiatic or African elephant found to the south, roamed the Atlas Mountains in North Africa until the demand of the Roman market for ivory led to their extinction.

N. B. GUYOL for the United Nations has estimated that in 1952 the total useful power consumed was equivalent to 10 trillion (million million) kilowatt-hours of electrical energy or to the power produced from 3 billion tons of coal. By 1975 the world will need about 27, and in the year 2000 about 84 trillion kilowatt-hours of equivalent electrical energy.

ANN WYLIE has pointed out in *Endeavour* that the rose, botanically genus *Rosa*, has over one hundred wild species in the north temperate zones of the world, but only six of these have been used in the major developments of the garden roses and eight in some minor developments. Breeders in Europe and the United States have obtained some very promising preliminary results using the other neglected wild species in plant breeding.

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Fundamental Beliefs of College Students

by Dr. G. Homer Durham
VICE PRESIDENT, UNIVERSITY OF UTAH



SOME MONTHS AGO Congressman H. A. Dixon of Utah called attention to an interesting fact. Many people hold to the opinion that education, particularly higher education, is destructive of religious faith. Congressman Dixon has figures which demonstrate that twice as many college graduates (in proportion to their total number) are active in the church as high school or grammar school graduates.

Recently the Carnegie Corporation of New York reported an extensive study of additional interest in one of its quarterly reports. Four Cornell University sociologists prepared a forty-page questionnaire. Its purpose was to probe deeply into basic attitudes of college students in America today. Every effort was made to avoid superficiality. The questionnaire was administered to seven thousand students on twelve select campuses scattered throughout the country. In the field of religious attitudes the study found convincing proof that contemporary college students have *not* rejected religious values. *Only one percent declared themselves to be atheists.* The Carnegie report further stated that "The students are in substantial agreement that a religious system must be based on God as a Supreme Being." They also consider that religion is inadequate unless it provides a "focus for personal adjustment and development."

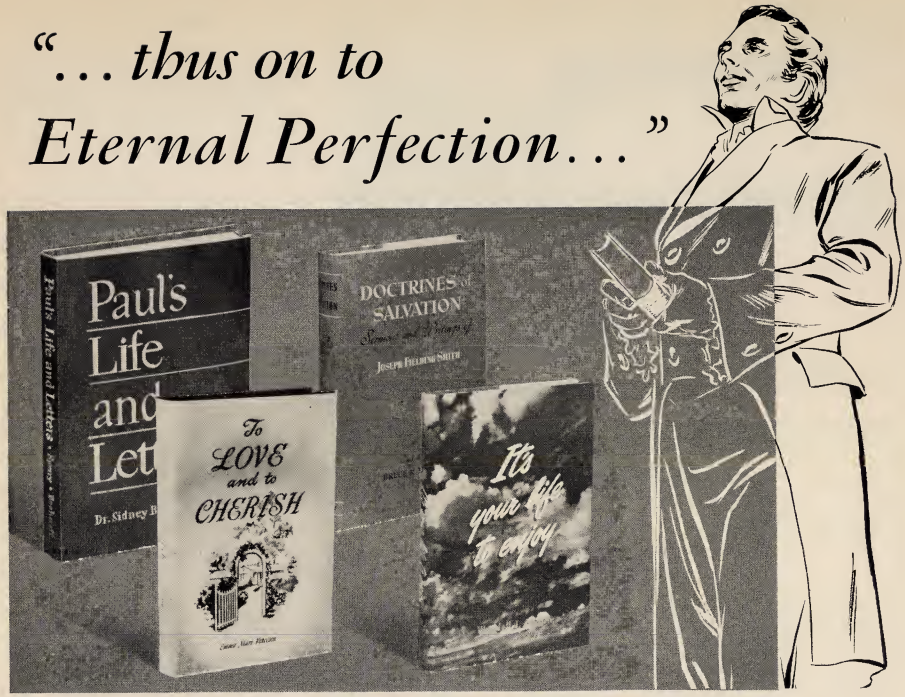
"On nearly every count," states the report further, "the results give little support to those . . . who assert that the younger generation is taking a rapid departure from the standards of its parents." On the other hand, it was found that the students "reflect with remarkable consistency the dominant values of their society and their elders."

Only where "prevailing public standards are shallow and wavering" do students' attitudes tend to be likewise. The strength of fundamental values also seems to have been forcibly demonstrated in the field of occupational choice and ambition. The parents of the present generation of college students have been charged with materialism. Notwithstanding, the Cornell study, as reported by the Carnegie Corporation, disclosed that "most American students are *more* interested in *an occupation that will let them use their talents* than in money, status, or prestige." The students view the family as basic. They expect that their chief satisfaction will come in happy family life. They want spouses of the same religious faith and consider the obligation of rearing children as the cornerstone of happy marriage. These are all encouraging attitudes.

It has been common to charge colleges and universities with the responsibility of producing, aiding, and abetting the forces of atheism, of lack of respect for fundamental values, disregard of sound principles and so on. If the Cornell sampling reflects the present state of the college mind, these charges should be sifted and re-examined. If free enterprise in the field of religion, economics, politics, and the arts is to survive, there is more real danger in an educational system that breeds blind acceptance of the past, than the university system that encourages and cultivates the priceless creative talents of individual human genius. If it is true that the American college student is adhering admirably to traditional values, there should be equal concern for fuller realization and encouragement of individual aspirations in the future. Freedom of enterprise has meaning for education. Free agency is more than a theoretical theological principle for Sunday discussion. It is the real driving force, the mainspring of society. Otherwise, America would never have been discovered; Plato and Aristotle could not have survived after the death of Socrates; people would still be reading by candlelight; wavering, many of us would still be waiting for Joseph Smith to go into the woods to pray; and the plains would not have been crossed.

People can take real comfort in the thought that universities and colleges in this land have an abiding commitment and dedication to the search for truth. In the long run, only those who fear the light of truth need fear the general product of the free university. This commitment is intense. This burning conviction for truth and freedom in educational processes is as firm, I believe, among college and university faculties as the spiritual concern for truth felt by the religious pioneers of all ages. Although their methods may differ, the highest ideals of the university and of the church are similar, namely, the unceasing devotion to and search for truth. The attitudes reported for today's college-trained youth confirm these ideals.

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By Wendell J. Ashton

This is a book for those who would keep young in heart. From the covers of "The Instructor" magazine, these 52 articles are filled with anecdotes about great names, glimpses at interesting places, exciting experiences, and sound philosophy. Rare entertainment. $2.50

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The Cover

One of the wonders of the scenic world is the Delicate Arch, located in the Arches National Monument of southeastern Utah. The stunning photograph which shows the snow-covered LaSalle Mountains through the arch was taken in natural color by Hal Rumel Studios.

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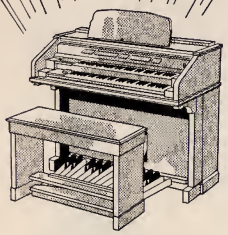
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On the Bookrack

HENTZ OF THINGS NOT SEEN

(Harriet H. Houser. Macmillan Company, New York. 1955. 235 pages. $3.50.)

OCCASIONALLY a heart-warming book comes to the attention of the public—one that stirs people to increased faith. Such a book is *Hentz Of Things Not Seen.*

The book takes its title from Hebrews 11:1, "Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." And this dynamic book moves the reader to increased faith. Much more than a biography, this could be called an adventure into the glory of the human spirit. Hentz, at the age of seventeen, was critically injured in a dive from a springboard into shallow water. He had been an active young man—interested in school, activities, athletics. Because of this accident he became a paraplegic, with his spinal cord severed—or nearly severed.

By sheer force of will—and the constant exercise of faith—Hentz lived four years and four months. Strapped to his chair he addressed audiences of young people; he pursued his studies; he even learned to typewrite; and he taught a Sunday School class. Surely, the spirit of man is indomitable.—*M. C. J.*

YOUTH, LOVE AND MARRIAGE

(Rex A. Skidmore. Deseret Book Company, Salt Lake City, Utah. 1955. 174 pages. $2.75.)

DR. SKIDMORE has answered a long-felt need of parents and youth concerning courtship, love, and marriage. He has divided the material under three main headings: Preparing for Marriage, Personal and Family Living, Youth Look toward a Family of their Own. Under these general topics he has discussed specifics.

The book is beautifully published with attractive illustrations and end papers which would appeal to youth and make an exceptionally attractive gift book. Some of the topics indicate the pertinence of the material: How Can You Tell You Are in Love? What about "Necking" and "Petting"? Why Can't I Talk Freely with my Parents? Have Faith in the Future. These are a very few of the twenty-nine topics treated wisely and unusually as well as interestingly by this well-qualified author.

Dr. Skidmore, in addition to his full academic achievement, is a Church member whose activity in the ward and stake priesthood and auxiliary meetings has placed him in a position to know the problems of youth and to offer recommendations for their solution.—*M. C. J.*

THE VOICE OF THE DESERT

(Joseph Wood Krutch. William Sloane Associates, New York. 223 pages. $3.75. Illustrated.)

LONG RECOGNIZED as a teacher, critic, and naturalist writer of note, Joseph Wood Krutch brings to this new assignment the exuberance which has made friends for him in the classroom, in the magazine offices where he has labored as editor and journalist, and in social circles. Following his retirement from Columbia University, Dr. Krutch went to the Sonoran Desert of the American Southwest. He became fascinated by the desert—and those creations and creatures of the desert that, like himself, thrived in this seemingly barren land. His conclusion is heart-warming, original, and challenging, as he states, "And of all answers to the question 'What is a desert good for?' 'Contemplation' is perhaps the best."

The book, animated as it is, is restful and thought-provoking. It makes all its readers come up with the question, "Why all the rush? Why not follow the admonition of Solomon and go to the meanest of the creatures or creations and be wise?"—*M. C. J.*

PAUL'S LIFE AND LETTERS

(Sidney B. Sperry. Bookcraft Company, Salt Lake City, Utah. 1935. 314 pages. $3.00.)

PAUL, the transformed Saul of Tarsus, is one of the most capable and one of the most enigmatic of the Apostles who preached the Risen Christ. In this volume, Dr. Sperry does his usually scholarly work in revivifying this great Apostle of the Gentiles. The book has increased value since Dr. Sperry also incorporates the standard works of the Church into the text. It is, for instance, of vital import to learn Paul's views on marriage as contained in the Prophet Joseph Smith's Inspired Version of the Holy Scriptures.

Complete with maps showing the various missionary journeys of Paul, the world of Paul, and a picture showing the streets of Jerusalem, the book is a most helpful volume.

Dr. Sperry has also included a full treatment of Paul's epistles which will be appreciated by students of his ministry. This is a book that will and should fit into the home library of those who wish to know of one of the most powerful early-day leaders of the early Church.—*M. C. J.*

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THE CHURCH MOVES ON

A Day To Day Chronology Of Church Events

November 1955

13 ELDER Harold B. Lee of the Council of the Twelve dedicated the chapel of the Concord Ward, Berkeley (California) Stake.

17 ELDER LeGrand Richards of the Council of the Twelve dedicated the Northern Utah region Church welfare building which also is the bishops' storehouse of the North and South Box Elder stakes.

19 IT WAS announced that Elder Howard Barker had been reappointed to the Church building committee. Elder Barker had been released with the old committee last August 1.

20 EAST MESA (Arizona) Stake was created from portions of the Mesa and Maricopa stakes with President Donald Ellsworth, formerly president of Mesa Stake, sustained as president; Elder Egbert J. Brown sustained as first counselor, the position he held in the Mesa Stake. Elder Elden W. Cooley was sustained as second counselor. Units in the East Mesa Stake include Mesa Sixth, Tenth, and Twelfth wards from the Maricopa Stake; Mesa Seventh, Ninth, Coolidge, Gilbert, Queen Creek wards, and Spanish-American, Superior, Ray, and Florence branches from Mesa Stake. The new stake, the 225th now functioning in the Church, was created under the direction of Elder Spencer W. Kimball of the Council of the Twelve, assisted by Bishop Thorpe B. Isaacson of the Presiding Bishopric.

Elder H. Loren Allen, formerly second counselor in the Mesa Stake, sustained as president of the Mesa Stake, with Elders Haskell V. Stradling and LeRoy Layton as counselors.

Realignment of boundaries and reorganization of officers of the Panguitch and Garfield (Utah) stakes were made. Garfield Stake is now composed of Escalante North and South wards, Boulder, Cannonville, Tropic, and Henrieville wards, the last three being transferred from the Panguitch Stake. Elder John Clyde Spencer was sustained as president of the Garfield Stake, succeeding President Douglas Q. Cannon, who with his first counselor, Elder Andrew Spencer, were released. His second counselor, Elder Scott Barton Smith, was sustained as a counselor in the Panguitch Stake. President Spencer's counselors are Elders Earl Dee Haws and Thorley Johnson. Wards in the Panguitch Stake are Panguitch North and South, Hatch, Circleville, Kingston, and Antimony. The last four wards named were taken from the old Garfield Stake. President Vernon LeRoy Holman was re-sustained as president of the Panguitch Stake. His counselors are Elder Scott Barton Smith, formerly of the Garfield Stake presidency, and Elder Henry Frank Orton, who was the second counselor in the old Panguitch Stake. Elder Joseph Ernest Riggs, first counselor to President Holman, was released.

24 PRESIDENT David O. McKay dedicated the chapel of the Monument Park Third and Fourth wards, Monument Park (Salt Lake City) Stake, in special Thanksgiving Day services.

25 A MEETING of approximately two thousand Church leaders and their wives was held in Los Angeles—the first such meeting to be held in the spacious assembly room of the temple there.

27 PRESIDENT David O. McKay received a medal from the Greek Orthodox Church denoting "the dignity and glory of unselfish deeds." The citation was made in recognition of the relief and assistance tendered by the Church to the Greek people following the war and after the earthquake disaster. President Theodore Jacobsen of the Eastern States Mission, representing the President, had accepted the medal in ceremonies at Newark, New Jersey. This is the second citation President McKay has received from the Greek people.

Elder Spencer W. Kimball of the Council of the Twelve dedicated the Chapel of the Haven and Kimball wards, South Salt Lake Stake.

It was announced that President Benjamin L. Bowring of the Hawaiian Temple had been selected as president of the new Los Angeles Temple. President Bowring, formerly president of the Texas-Louisiana Mission, and a Salt Lake Temple worker, was set apart for his new position December 7.

29 THE FIRST PRESIDENCY announced the appointment of Elder Merlin Steed as president of the Los Angeles Temple Mission. He succeeds President Frederick S. Williams in this position.

December 1955

4 PRESIDENT David O. McKay dedicated the Park (Salt Lake City) Stake center. The building is used jointly with the Sugar House Stake.

Elder Richard L. Evans of the Council of the Twelve dedicated the Kaysville (Utah) Seminary building.

Elder Leonard M. Haynie was sustained as president of the San Luis (Colorado) Stake, succeeding President W. Fred Haynie. Elders Ivan M. Thomas and Joseph C. Mortensen were sustained as counselors. They were also the counselors to the outgoing president.

Elder Khalil V. Hansen sustained as president of Montpelier (Idaho) Stake, with Elders Eugene Shepherd and Lewis Munk as counselors. They succeed President Walter A. Hunzeker and his counselors, Elders Elmer S. Burgoyne and Winslow Swensen.

7 THE 1955 DRAMA season of the MIA closed. During the past three months hundreds of plays have been presented on the ward and stake levels.

10 THE FIRST PRESIDENCY announced the appointment of Elder Holger P. Petersen as president of the Danish Mission, succeeding President Junius M. Sorensen. President Petersen filled a mission in Denmark in 1926-28. He has taught in the Sunday School, was president of his elders quorum, served for nine years as a counselor in the Wilford Ward bishopric, and for seven years was a member of the stake high council. At the time of this appointment he was second counselor in the Wilford (Utah) Stake presidency. Accompanying him to this new field of labor will be his wife and two of their three children.

It was announced that Verl F. Scott had succeeded the late John D. Giles as business manager of THE IMPROVEMENT ERA.

11 ELDER Harold B. Lee of the Council of the Twelve dedicated the chapel of the Chesterfield Ward, Idaho Stake.

Speaking to the title "Insight Into Causes and Consequences of Faith in God," Elder Henry D. Moyle of the Council of the Twelve gave the "Faith in Action" radio address over the National Broadcasting Company.

Farm-fresh honey, natural golden flour ... make NABISCO Sugar HONEY GRAHAMS

Country Good

Finest, *freshest* ingredients make these grahams wholesome—delicious. And NABISCO bakes them crisp—tender—golden brown. Perfect for children—they digest so quickly, don't spoil appetites. Ask for NABISCO Sugar HONEY GRAHAMS ... *they're the best!*





Available in one- and two-pound packages.

KEPT FRESH IN 6 IN-ER-SEAL WAX PACKETS

EACH CRACKER BREAKS INTO PERFECT SIZE FOR EATING

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY



BOB AND SUE, like thousands of their elders, have learned the truth about the "lying allure of liquor."

HAVE YOU seen through the glamorous haze thrown up by the alcohol advertisers? HAVE YOU learned enough of the truth about liquor to **want to have no part of it?**

"IF YOU DON'T DRINK," says the Preferred Risk Mutual Insurance Co., "WHY HELP PAY FOR THE ACCIDENTS OF THOSE WHO DO?" Preferred Risk, America's first automobile insurance company for non-drinkers only, now makes it possible for you to **stop paying for the drinker's accidents**—and to **save money** at the same time.

If you are a non-drinker*, we invite you to investigate, and insure with Preferred Risk. Save money—and put your automobile insurance where your heart is—with the thousands of others who say, "No Thanks—we don't drink." For full details, including an explanation of Preferred Risk's merit reduction plan for claim-free drivers, **return this coupon now.**

***IMPORTANT—Non-drinker means TOTAL abstainer. The occasional social drinker is not eligible.**

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Circle Owner of This Car and Give requested information about all DRIVERS OF AUTOMOBILE

	MYSELF	PRINCIPAL DRIVER	ALL OTHER DRIVERS 1.	2.	3.
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Mamacita

by Dr. Llewelyn R. McKay

HEAD, DEPARTMENT OF LANGUAGES
UNIVERSITY OF UTAH

ON THE SIDE of the road just north of Salt Lake City is an unobtrusive sign "Fresh Fruits and Vegetables." Those who stop for a few oranges or bananas are greeted by *Mamacita* Remigi's welcome smile, for she always has a smile for everyone. This is no business smile merely assumed for the purpose of selling more produce; it is rather the natural reflection of *Mamacita's* code of living. She loves people, trusts them, and enjoys working diligently from early morning till late at night. She allows her customers to pick out and place their purchases on the scales, never questioning their word concerning weight. On the contrary, she usually adds two or three apples or a handful of peas, as the case may be, before the customer leaves, never forgetting to say, "Thank you!" accompanied by that big smile!

I always stop when I am in the vicinity, not because *Mamacita* sells fresh and tasty produce, but mainly to hear her friendly "An' how are you today?" and to watch her beaming face. Then my spirits are lifted, and I become somewhat ashamed of myself for my worrying or crabbing about something.

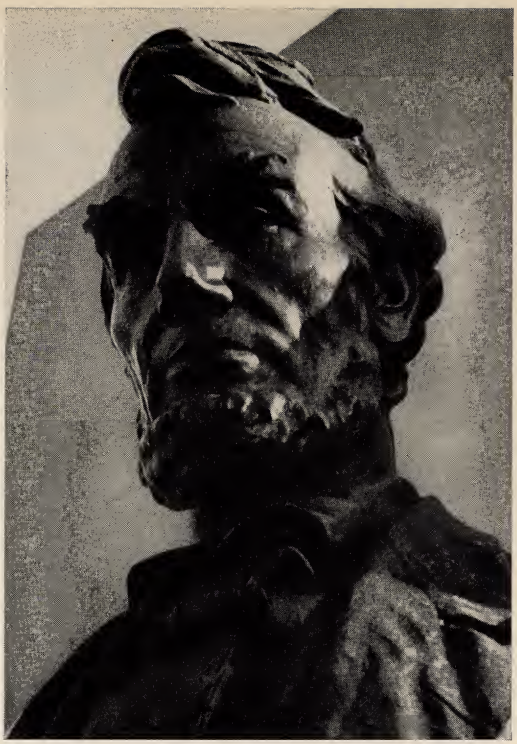
One day I found *Mamacita* a trifle upset. "What's the matter, *Mamacita*, is business poor?" I asked. "You know'a what?" she answered, "Som'a de man, he justa puta the case of oranges ina his car and driva off withouta the paying!" Then her face quickly radiated that enticing smile as she added, "But whata the heck, maybe he no hada the money." I muttered to myself, "I hope that fellow chokes on every bite!" Fortunately, though, most people are honest enough not to take advantage of *Mamacita's* trust.

Last fall, *Mamacita* loaded me down with fruits and vegetables, a birthday gift for my father [President David O. McKay] whom she much admires. "But you can't give so much away," I remonstrated, "You can't afford it!" To this *Mamacita's* husband, Ricardo, answered as he filled another sack to give me, "We're getting old; pretty the soon we die—so whata the heck!"

(*Concluded on page* 127)

Nancy Hanks Lincoln

by Mabel Law Atkinson



—*Russ Whitaker Photo*

Lincoln Memorial at Gettysburg

"Stay close to God, my son." She held his hand
And searched his craggy face so young yet wise.
She prayed that when she reached the Promised Land
Her spirit would be with him, light his eyes
With star-filled inspiration, for she knew
The unawakened strength within his soul.
"Stay close to God. . . ." This golden thread spun through
Life's somber weave illuminates the whole—
"Be strong, my Abe! Stand tall! Be not content
Nor tolerate the grief you should erase."
In heaven she beheld him, reverent
And humble in a grateful world's embrace.
How short her day with him—and fringed by tears—
But, oh, how long her shadow through the years!

Poetry

BREATH OF SONG

By Dorothy J. Roberts

Too frail to quench more than a candle flame,
Breath can be mightier than hurricane,
Which only destroys the shapes of beauty seen.
Breath can recreate its slumbering dream
And waft its rhythm from the tomb of time
Through a stemmed symbol and a thin, black line;
Can restore beauty to my heart, its home—
Its contours, only, the composer's own—
For threaded through the woven, muted sum
Of tones, my own unuttered song shall run.
A breath will revive, though the winds blow strong;
From the staff of silence breath will bring back song.

ETERNAL MOMENT

By Eleanor Alletta Chaffee

Once in a lifetime if it is to be,
A man's eyes and his son's may meet and lock
In sudden recognition, full and free;
An instant only, by Time's hastening clock.
But in that moment they are closer than
Husband and wife, or even mother and son;
The blood-tie of the past has bridged the span
Between two spirits. Fortunate the one
Who, wordless, with a hand laid on the head
Of him who bears his name, has sensed the look
Deep in the innocent eyes, that seems to spread
Glory about them, as though heaven shook
Stars down upon them from an immortal sky,
And love made manifest breathed like a sigh. . . .

HEART'S CALENDAR

By Jane Merchant

The date of any day on which one suffered
Appalling loss must wear an anguished look
To him henceforth. Each year his hand will shake
A little, if he must write the date that shook
His world to pieces. Dates of large events
Of world significance become a part
Of every mind. But dates when nothing happened
To stir the world mark many a silent heart.

YOUNG AIRMAN

By Grace Barker Wilson

He always thought that distances
Were measured by a street,
Until he traveled west, and saw
Where sky and desert meet.

And later, winging in the sky
To where Pacific Islands are,
He gained a sense of greater space
And measured distance by a star.

TO HEEDLESS EARS

By Ethel Jacobson

Poetry is out today, and the poet sings to heedless ears.
—Donald Moffat,
in the *Saturday Evening Post*

These are sober times indeed,
Stripped of frippery and play.
A nonessential, all concede
Poetry is out today.
The minstrel boy is footless, fey,
An archaism, it appears;
Still, insouciant as a jay,
The poet sings to heedless ears.

We now assert a grimmer need
Than for a song to drown dismay.
We now confess a harsher creed:
Poetry is out today.
Dissonant with martial fray
Is the grinding clash of spheres.
Who would hear a roundelay?
The poet sings to heedless ears.

Though his ardors seek to speed
A kindlier era, sane and gay,
For all such harmless trivia freed,
Poetry is out today.
Brassy are the throats that bray
Of might and conquest; loud the cheers
Of dupes who court a tyrant's sway.
The poet sings to heedless ears.

L'envoi

Though a harried world may say,
"Poetry is out today,"
Challenging its hopes and fears,
The poet sings to heedless ears!

A VALENTINE LETTER

By Cornelia Kinder

Dear mother, I am late again I know,
So often, dear, my thoughts fly home to you,
But like my kindly neighbor with her brood,
Since baby came I find so much to do.
I'm sitting by the window writing this,
The baby's in his crib beside me now.
A silhouette against the noonday sky,
John's sturdy hands are guiding home the plow.
Give my love to Dad and brother Jerry,
Tell them baby's drinking from her cup.
O yes, in the garden by the fence
Those yellow daffodils are coming up.
The days are losing all the winter chill;
I'm glad to know that you and Dad are fine.
I will write again, my best love to you,
A hundred kisses for your Valentine.



HEIRLOOM

By Leone E. McCune

Each night a silken coverlet
Infolds me. My eyes are wet,
Remembering my mother's hands
Fashioning the satin strands
Of lilac, from her wedding gown.
And from a yellow one, with petals trailing down.
A sky-blue taffeta was Mary's dress
The pink one, once belonged to little Bess
And mine, the wild rose, crepe de Chine,
My birthday dress, when just eighteen.
The moss rose on the green background
Was Sue's, and forms a border 'round.

With artistry she has designed
From pretty fragments left behind,
More than a quilt of loveliness,
More than a treasure to possess,
Memories of home in every stitch
That all my life long will enrich.

FOR A DAY OF SLEET

By Virginia Scott Miner

Winter, wrapping up her presents early,
Used the tissue she found handy—
Sleet like jewelled cellophane
Or a paper-thin rock candy.

Not a tree will be green-given
To the earth till spring,
But what sparkling, crystal glory
In this covering!

TO A YOUNG GIRL

By Mary Lucretia Barker

You stand before me like a daffodil
That blooms in glory to awaken spring—
A touch of heaven braving clouds to spill
Your laughter, bidding darkened hearts to sing.
And you are like a melody of gold,
Aflame with strength and splendor of the young—
Your song will ripple through the days of cold
And bring back all the dreams to which I clung.
Your eyes of flower-blue, your burnished hair
Present a picture time cannot efface—
You came to leave bright yellow petals where
You moved with lightest step and lilting grace.
Young loveliness, to you these things belong:
Fulfilment, joy, the benison of song.

ORGAN RECITAL

By Isabelle Shannon

The skill of hands and mind and strength of will
Draws from the waiting true-toned instrument
The genius of great masters. Timeless themes
Now live again in music's element.
Yearnings, sorrows, praise and ecstasy
Expand and grow as one deep throbbing heart,
Emotions run the gamut of the soul
And lift the listener to a world apart.



Youth and a Better Future

by President David O. McKay

"Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye.

"For we cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard.

". . . for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." (Acts 4:19-20, 12.)

THE SCRIPTURAL passages that I have quoted illustrate three human qualities or virtues characteristic of true leadership. These are (1) a consciousness of a righteous cause, (2) an invincible resolution to uphold it, and (3) the assurance of the one safe guide.

Youth—conviction—courage—make a combination potentially capable of determining the kind of world we shall live in.

Youth—the future is yours to make or to mar as you choose. Only the perverseness of human nature can darken the oncoming years.

Even while the glories of youthful prime gladden your hearts and brighten your hopes with anticipated success, there rests unfelt upon your shoulders the weight of a coming responsibility. Yours is the challenge to shape the future. Into your hands and into the hands of a million other youths will be placed the banner of civilization.

Courage is that quality of the mind which meets danger or opposition with calmness and firmness, which enables a man to face difficulties that lie in his pathway to righteous achievement.

To carry it successfully forward will demand courage or what is called by Luke in Acts 4:13 "the boldness of Peter and John"—that quality of mind which enables one to encounter danger and to overcome difficulties. It is a virtue admired by everybody. Our souls have been stirred in wartime and our eyes filled with tears as we have heard of the military courage of our boys in uniform. We thrill even at spontaneous courage as it leaps forth in times of crises. But the courage I would have youth possess, as they take their part in the better future, is neither physical nor military—it is the fearlessness to act in accordance with their convictions—courage to do right whether alone or in public—courage to be true to a trust.

No peace or true freedom can come to this world so long as men live only for themselves. Self-preservation is the first law of nature, but it is not the law of spiritual growth. He who lets selfishness and his passions rule him binds his soul in slavery, but he who, in the majesty of spiritual strength, uses his physical tendencies and yearnings and his possessions to serve purposes higher than personal indulgence and comfort, takes the first step toward the happy and useful life.

This truth was taught not only "in the beginning" when the gospel was first revealed to man, but also when Jesus began his earthly ministry. On the Mount of Temptation was enacted the first scene in Christ's earthly drama of the abundant life. There he resisted the challenge to gratify his appetite; he turned aside the appeal to his vanity and pride; he scorned the bribe of worldly wealth and power as in spiritual victory he said to the tempter: "Get thee hence." Only thus by the brilliant triumph of the spirit over the flesh can we hope for a better world.

In the incident depicted by our text, Peter courageously declares what we shall think, what we shall declare: That "there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." (*Ibid.*, 4:12.) Molders of a better future need the assurance that Christ is the unfailing Guide.

Courage alone is not sufficient; a firm conviction is not sufficient; there must be an assurance

(Concluded on following page)

The Editor's Page

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that the conviction is in harmony with justice, with truth, and with righteousness.

Jesus taught that men and women fail to live truly and really amount to nothing unless they have spirituality. The spiritual force underlies everything, and without it nothing worth while can be accomplished.

He who is or should be the guide of our lives was the most courageous of all men. True heroism defends the right and faces disaster without cringing. In this regard the Savior was the personification of true courage and heroism.

Never once did the Master despair or turn from his destined course. That is the kind of courage we need in the world today.

Young men and young women, the future awaits you! It is yours! If you would give peace to the world, you have campaigns to organize and conquests to achieve. These are campaigns planned for the establishment of justice—these are conquests of the soul. Whether it is better to walk along the easy road of selfishness and indulgence than to strive through self-mastery and service for the realm of spirituality, you must decide. "Whether it be better to serve God than man, judge ye." (See Acts 4:19.)



by Joseph Fielding Smith

PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE

The Word of Wisdom

Question: *"Will you please tell me if the Word of Wisdom has ever been presented to the Church as a commandment making its observance obligatory upon the members of the Church?"*

Answer: This question is one of a score that have been received in relation to the Word of Wisdom. Some of the questions are due to misunderstanding and others, apparently, seeking answers that will justify a violation or modification of the provisions enumerated in the revelation. The simple answer to this question is yes, such commandment has been given and repeated on several occasions. September 9, 1851, President Brigham Young stated that the members of the Church had had sufficient time to be taught the import of this revelation and that henceforth it was to be considered a divine commandment. This was first put to vote before the male members of the congregation and then before the women and by unanimous vote accepted. President Joseph F. Smith at a conference meeting in October 1908, made the same statement, and this has been repeated from time to time.

It is true that when it was first revealed it was not given as a commandment made mandatory upon the members as the commandments of the Decalogue are. Nevertheless the meaning is clear, so that no member with sincere desire to do the will of the Lord will think of wilfully violating the counsel it contains. During the first few years after the organization of the Church, converts came out of the world who saw nothing wrong in the use of tobacco and the drinking of wine, and in some instances even stronger alcoholic beverages. To correct this evil, which reason teaches us is harmful to the body, and to cleanse the Church of such habits, the Lord gave this Word of Wisdom. No matter how we may look at it, the intent is clear that it should be faithfully observed. To answer all the questions which have been asked dealing with its instruction would require a volume of considerable size. Let us rather consider the purpose for which it was given:

"To be sent greeting; not by commandment or constraint, but by revelation and the word of wisdom, showing forth the order and will of God in the temporal salvation of all saints in the last days—

"Given for a principle with promise adapted to the capacity of the weak and the weakest of all saints, who are or can be called saints." (D & C 89:2-3.)

It seems to most members of the Church that all the Lord needs to say is that it is his will that this revelation should be observed and kept. It is written:

"For behold, it is not meet that I should command in all things; for he that is compelled in all things, the same is a slothful and not a wise servant; wherefore he receiveth no reward." (*Ibid.*, 58:26.)

Among other questions received we find such as this: "Why does not the Lord give us further revelation to cover the many other stimulants and drinks and the proper foods for the body?" The answer is because such revelation is unnecessary. The Word of Wisdom is a basic law. It points the way and gives us ample instruction in regard to both food and drink, good for the body and also detrimental. If we sincerely follow what is written with the aid of the Spirit of the Lord, we need no further counsel. This wonderful instruction contains the following promise:

"And all saints who remember to keep and do these sayings, walking in obedience to the commandments, shall receive health in their navel and marrow to their bones;

"And shall find wisdom and great treasures of knowledge, even hidden treasures;

"And shall run and not be weary, and shall walk and not faint." (*Ibid.*, 89:18-20.)

Thus by keeping the commandment we are promised inspiration and the guidance of the Spirit of the Lord through which we will know what is good and what is bad for the body, without the Lord presenting us with a detailed list separating the good things from the bad that we may be protected. We will learn by this faithful observance that the promises of the Lord are fulfilled. We will learn more nearly the value of our mortal bodies. They have been given us as eternal tabernacles for our spirits. Each soul (i.e. spirit and body combined) in the resurrection will be joined inseparably, never again to be divided. We will have our own identity as distinctly as we do now, for as Amulek said:

"The spirit and the body shall be reunited again in its perfect form; both limb and joint shall be restored to its proper frame, even as we now are at this time; and we shall be brought to stand before God, knowing even as we know now, and have a bright recollection of all our guilt. * * *

"Now, behold, I have spoken unto you concerning the death of the mortal body, and also concerning the resurrection of the mortal body. I say unto you that this mortal body is raised to an immortal body, that is from death, even from the first death unto life, that they can die no more; their spirits uniting with their bodies, never to be divided; thus the whole becoming spiritual and immortal, that they can no more see corruption." (Alma 11:43-45.)

In the resurrection we are to receive rewards according to our individual works, and it is written that they who are filthy in this life will, in that life, be filthy still. (Rev. 22:11; Alma 41:14-15.) Therefore if we love the truth, we should delight in doing those things which the Lord would have us do.

One passage in this revelation (v. 4.) is quite generally overlooked. It states that the time should come when wicked and designing men would resort to practices of adulteration of foods and drinks in order to get gain, to the injury of the health of their victims. How true these words have been. So evil have these practices become that the government was forced to enact pure food and drug laws for the protection of the people. Notwithstanding these wholesome laws, still evil practices are going on contrary to the law, and harmful drugs are smuggled into the country bringing misery and death to thousands.

There are many ways in which we may break the Word of Wisdom. We break it when we eat more than is needful, even of wholesome foods. We have been commanded to do all things in moderation, "with judgment, not to excess, neither by extortion." (*Ibid.*, 59:20.) The Lord has not condemned the use of white flour, nor white granulated sugar. There are some among us who cannot eat whole wheat bread and the coarser foods because of peculiar physical conditions. If white sugar were to be condemned, then the Lord would not have revealed to President Wilford Woodruff the need of building a sugar factory. Some persons are allergic to one thing and others to another, yet what they cannot take are wholesome to others. Any perfect food that is good for the body, can be harmful by overindulgence. According to the promise of the Lord we will have wisdom to understand these things by virtue of faithful observance of this basic law—the Word of Wisdom.

A safe guide to each and all is this: If in doubt as to any food or drink, whether it is good or harmful, let it alone until you have learned the truth in regard to it. If anything offered is habit-forming, we will be safe in concluding that it contains some ingredients that are harmful to the body and should be avoided.

Outside of Statistics

Richard L. Evans

RECENTLY a wise physician was speaking of the very favorable chances of recovery from certain diseases and from certain kinds of surgery. The figures were impressive and reassuring. But then he added, "Remember that even if recovery were 99 percent sure—remember that for the person who doesn't recover, for the person who loses his life, it isn't a statistical loss, it isn't a 1 percent loss, but a 100 percent loss." And so it is also for his family. Perhaps the application is a bit obscure as concerning this season—but perhaps not altogether either: We read reports of unprecedented shopping across the country, of new peaks of prosperity and employment. We read reports of people living longer lives, of diseases conquered (comparatively), and facts and figures of many benefits and blessings—for all of which we are deeply grateful. But despite all favorable facts and figures, there are some who are sorrowing; some are sick; some have suffered serious losses; some live in loneliness, and if we happen to be one of the lonely, one of the sorrowing, one of the sick, one of the ones in want, the statistics, even though they should be ninety-nine and ninety-nine hundredths percent reassuring, still wouldn't satisfy—not if we were hurt or hungry. If we are hungry, we are not statistically hungry, but just plain hungry. And that is true of other things also. And at this season when we celebrate the birth of the Master and Redeemer of mankind, of Jesus the Christ—he who spoke of the good Samaritan, of the shepherd and the sheep; he who blessed the children, he who healed the sick and comforted the sorrowing—as our thoughts turn to him, let our arms and our hearts open to help someone who needs us, despite all favorable figures. "*Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: ¶For I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger and ye took me in: ¶Naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me. ¶Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungred, and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink? ¶When saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee? ¶Or when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee? ¶And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.*"[1]

"The Spoken Word" FROM TEMPLE SQUARE
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[1]Matthew 25:34-40.

Diabetes Comes to Our House

by Josephine Williams

"Your daughter has diabetes." The words of the doctor fell on unbelieving ears. How could my nine-year-old have such a dread disease? Visions of all the terrible consequences flooded my mind. As the tears came, the doctor kindly patted my shoulder and said, "It won't be as bad as you think. In fact, it may prove a blessing to you and the rest of your family." I was sure he was wrong. Diabetes could never be anything but a curse.

It had all started some four months before, in August, when I had taken Lynn to the doctor for her regular monthly check-up. At the age of five she had had a spell of rheumatic fever which had kept her in bed for eight months, and while she seemed perfectly healthy and completely recovered, the monthly check-up seemed a good precaution. In July she had been perfect. In August the doctor found a trace of sugar in her urine and suggested that we send another test down the next day. Hoping to make a better test, I kept all sweets away from her during those twenty-four hours, but the next test showed the same trace. The following day we took four tests at four-hour intervals and had them analyzed. All showed some sugar content.

Cautiously the doctor suggested that she be put into a hospital to see what might be causing this. It was not serious but was something that should be checked. Never dreaming the outcome, Lynn went reluctantly, to the hospital, a place she had never been and now hated to visit when she felt so well.

A week of testing and watching of diet indicated that she had a mild form of diabetes. Internes, nurses, and doctors all asked the same question: "Who in your families has diabetes?" We scanned aunts, uncles, cousins, asked for verbal reports on departed grandparents, great-grandparents—with no results. No one had diabetes. According to the professional people, this was not possible when such a young child contracted it. So perhaps one of Lynn's ancestors who died an early death had the dread disease. It may even have caused the death unknowingly since all the facts of diabetes are of comparatively recent discovery.

Still our hopes were not completely stifled, for the doctor assured us that she had such a mild case she might be able to overcome it with a strict diet. As she grew older, she might completely outgrow it, although usually diabetes in children was more serious than when it began in adults.

So Lynn and I started our battle. We were determined to conquer the demon. Imagine, if you can, what it would mean to a nine-year-old suddenly to have her complete supply of ice cream, candy, gum, soft drinks, pie, cake, and the like, cut off. To her it was the end of the world. The other youngsters in the family cooperated beautifully, and though they sneaked off occasionally to indulge in sweets, most of the time they joined us in Lynn's diet.

But it was so hard to eat all that was necessary. A nine-year-old had to have two eggs for breakfast when one had usually called for great protest. There must also be cooked cereal and milk as well as fruit and toast. Lunch and supper must include a great deal of meat or cheese and two or three vegetables at each meal. Tears accompanied most of the meals as well as a complete hopelessness on everyone's part when, in spite of the careful diet, the tests still showed sugar traces occasionally. But as the weeks passed, the diet became more acceptable, and the reward of sugar-free tests made up for the sacrifices. Nothing would be too great to keep from having daily shots of insulin and a lifetime of watching one's diet.

And then it happened! People with diabetes have to watch very carefully for infections as they seem to flare up quickly and seriously. Lynn caught a very bad cold, and no amount of dieting kept the urine tests under control. Each day as she became more and more miserable with headaches, languor, and nausea, we felt that any cure would be worth while if only she could be once again her happy, sweet, energetic self.

So the latter part of November saw Lynn again in the hospital, this time for a most unhappy trip. In order to determine how much insulin she would need and also to set up a meal-by-meal diet that would give her exactly the right balance in protein, carbohydrates, fats, etc., it was necessary to bring her into an insulin shock several times as well as to let her go almost into the coma caused by too much sugar. Most of the time she felt very miserable, especially as the nurses had to insist on her eating everything on the tray so that the tests would be more authentic. Each night as I would visit her, her first tearful words would be, "When I come home, you won't make me eat so much, will you?" In addition to her three meals, she was having a mid-afternoon and a before-bed snack.

My worries were not only on her food but also on her treatment. How could I, the most inexperienced layman, give her shots each day? What if I gave her too much? How could I tell how much food she should have? It would take all of my time to figure out her diets, and unless she were very co-operative more than time to get her to eat just what she should in the proper amounts and leave everything else alone! Christmas was almost upon us, and that would mean candy galore as well as pies, puddings, ice cream, and all those things she couldn't have. The problem of diabetes seemed more than Lynn or I could bear.

The doctor recommended three books on diabetes for me to read for needed information. In desperation I bought all three since the public library had none of them. Carefully I read from cover to cover, getting more and more heartsick as I tried to understand the intricacies of keeping the body in balance so that there would be just the right amount of insulin each day. Too much or too little would be serious, just as too much or too little food or the wrong kind of food could put Lynn back into the hospital.

I bought two syringes. I was afraid that one might break. Now, two years later, the one is still waiting to be used. I got needles and then inquired as to their sterilization. Just "boil them" I was blithely told. How? For how long? How far ahead of shot time? These were only a few of the dozens of questions which needed answering. Fortunately, I found that there is available a tiny electric sterilizer which sterilizes quickly and safely. It seems so simple now to put softened hot water into it each morning. Usually within one minute the water begins to boil. Two minutes later, the plug is pulled out, the lid is lifted, automatically raising the tray holding the needle and syringe. In just a minute or two more it is sufficiently cooled for use.

Christmas was approaching, and as it neared I begged the doctor to get Lynn out of the hospital in time for that event. I just could not bear, nor could she, to have her away from home. But before she came home she must learn, as all diabetics must, to give herself her shot. Each day during visiting hours my first question was, "Did you give yourself your shot today?" And each day she shamefacedly answered, "I just couldn't. I tried and tried!" I knew how she felt, for I was practising giving shots on an orange, and even that was difficult.

Finally with Christmas just a few days away, I urged her to make a desperate effort so she could come home. The tree was waiting for her to help decorate it; the presents were ready to be wrapped; and we needed her. I also told her that the following morning just as it was time for her shot, her brother and I would be out in front of the hospital praying for her that she might have the courage to do it. Her brother's paper route took him right past the hospital, and as I helped him with the heavy Sunday morning papers, it was easy to stop on that dark morning and utter a fervent prayer, as we glanced at the lighted window of her room, that she could somewhere find the courage to jab the needle in her leg. It was hard to wait without word until the night visiting hours. But we felt sure she had done it. And she had!

With misgivings, the doctor finally released her on Christmas Eve. She was not as completely under control as he would have liked. I had more misgivings. I was so frightened at best to try to take care of a child with such a serious illness. The holiday season added to my worries, but I was determined to make it seem as if everything was perfectly normal, for Lynn by this time was quite sure that, for her, life had almost ended. "Everyone will know," she wailed, "that something is wrong with me. No one will play with me. I can't ever have candy. I might as well be dead. I wish I were." There was going to be mental health to watch as well as physical.

During her four-week stay in the hospital, the dietician had been most helpful and said I might copy her diabetic recipes. One afternoon I took down all that seemed to fit in with our usual diets. But when I anticipated cooking separate meals for Lynn week after week, I quailed. As a widow working eight hours a day to support the youngsters, I did not have much time to take care of this, too.

For the first few days after Lynn's release from the hospital, our life was hectic. From the diet given to me, I typed up a complete chart of the vegetables, fruits, meats, etc., she could have, along with the count of each. This was pasted on one of the kitchen cupboard doors. On the

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Even the healthy child should have a check-up by the doctor every few months.

—Photograph by H. Armstrong Roberts

ARCHAEOLOGY and the BOOK OF MORMON

by President Milton R. Hunter
OF THE FIRST COUNCIL OF THE SEVENTY

Part IX
Quetzalcoatl—The "White Bearded God" or Jesus Christ
(Continued)

THE FACT WAS presented in the January, 1956, issue of THE IMPROVEMENT ERA that the universally accepted Indian traditions held by the aborigines of North, Central, and South America at the time of the discovery of the New World dealt with a "White Bearded God," known in Mexico as Quetzalcoatl and by various other names by other Indian tribes.[1]

The identity of this "Fair God," described as a radiant, white, beautiful being, dressed in a long, white robe, has been a puzzle to the Catholic padres, to historians, archaeologists, anthropologists, and others who have studied these Indian traditions. Numerous efforts have been made to identify him with certain historical characters, such as one of Jesus' apostles—perhaps Thomas or Bartholomew—or with the Savior himself.[2] Others have thought that Quetzalcoatl may have been a European Christian who had visited America perhaps a few hundred years before the arrival of Columbus.[3] In 1882 President John Taylor gave what is accepted by Latter-day Saints as the correct identification of the "White Bearded God." To quote:

> The story of the life of the Mexican divinity, Quetzalcoatl, closely resembles that of the Savior; so closely, indeed, that we can come to no other conclusion than that Quetzalcoatl and Christ are the same being. But the history of the former has been handed down to us through an impure Lamanitish source, which has sadly disfigured and perverted the original incidents and teachings of the Savior's life and ministry. . . .[4]

The knowledge of Christ's crucifixion was well-known in Book of Mormon days. Nephi taught the people that

> . . . the God of Jacob yieldeth himself, according to the words of the angel, as a man, into the hands of wicked men, to be lifted up, . . . and to be crucified, . . .[5]

Nephi's brother, Jacob, told the Nephites of Christ's crucifixion. To quote:

> . . . And he also has shown unto me that the Lord God, the Holy One of Israel, should manifest himself unto them in the flesh; and after he should manifest himself they should scourge him and crucify him, according to the words of the angel who spake it unto me.[6]

Somewhat later Jacob declared:

> Wherefore, as I said unto you, it must needs be expedient that Christ—for in the last night the angel spake unto me that this should be his name—should come among the Jews, . . . and they shall crucify him— . . .[7]

King Benjamin gave a marvelous sermon regarding the Savior to the people in ancient America in which he made the following statement:

> And lo, he [Jesus] cometh unto his own, . . . and . . . they shall consider him a man, and say that he hath a devil, and shall scourge him, and shall crucify him.[8]

With such an important event so thoroughly known among the Nephites and Lamanites, it would be natural for a knowledge of it to be carried down from age to age among their descendants, the American Indians. History testifies that such was the case. Several Catholic padres

[1]Daniel G. Brinton, *American Hero-Myths* (Philadelphia, 1882), p. 27; Hubert Howe Bancroft, *The Native Races* (San Francisco, 1883), vol. 5, pp. 23-24; William H. Prescott, *Mexico and the Life of the Conqueror, Fernando Cortes* (New York, 1898), vol. 1, p. 64, vol. 2, pp. 388-389.



—Photo by Otto Done

Jade representation of the "White Bearded God" from early Christian era. Museum in Guatemala City, Guatemala, Central America.

[2]P. De Roo, *History of America Before Columbus* (Philadelphia, 1900), p. 424.
[3]Thor Heyerdahl, *American Indians in the Pacific* (New York, 1952), pp. 219-345; Paul Herrmann, *Conquest by Man* (New York, 1954), pp. 170-172.
[4]John Taylor, *Mediation and Atonement* (Salt Lake City, 1882), p. 201.
[5]1 Nephi 19:10.
[6]2 Nephi 6:9.
[7]*Ibid.*, 10:3.



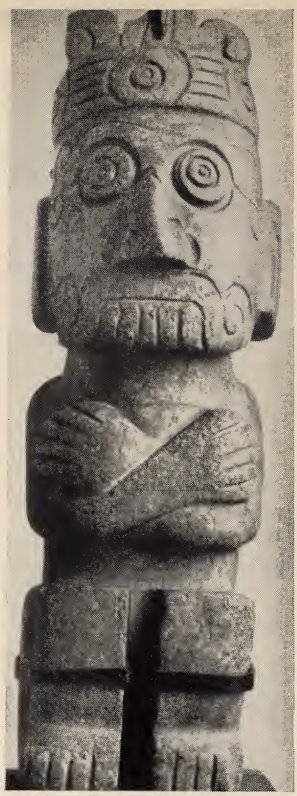


Above: Paganized ancient stone statue of the "White Bearded God" in museum at Chichicastenango, Guatemala.
Below: Pre-Columbian jadite head representing the bearded Quetzalcoatl, Mexico. (Photo: Musée de l' Homme, Paris. Courtesy of Rand McNally & Co. Reproduced from Thor Heyerdahl, "American Indians in the Pacific," 1952, Plate XIX.)

[8]Mosiah 3:9.



Ancient Aztec representation in stone of the "Fair God," Quetzalcoatl. (Photo: Dietschy, 1941. Courtesy of Rand McNally & Co. Reproduced from Heyerdahl, ibid., Plate XXII, No. 1.)



Early stone statue representing the "White Bearded God" from Oaxaca, Mexico. (Courtesy of Rand McNally & Co. Reproduced from Heyerdahl, ibid., Plate XXI, No. 2.)

were told by the Indians that Quetzalcoatl had suffered death by crucifixion. Von Humboldt, an important explorer and collector of Indian traditions during the past century, states that he ". . . was crucified for the sins of mankind, as is plainly declared in the tradition of Yucatán, and mysteriously represented in the Mexican paintings."[9]

Lord Kingsborough collected numerous Indian legends and writings of Catholic fathers and published them in nine massive volumes under the title of *Antiquities of Mexico.* In his famous collection he presents much evidence of the crucifixion of the "White Bearded God." Speaking of an early Mexican document, President John Taylor quotes Kingsborough as stating:

"Quetzalcoatl is there painted in the attitude of a person crucified, with the impression of nails in his hands and feet, but not actually upon the cross." Again: "The seventy-third plate of the Borgian MS. is the most remarkable of all, for Quetzalcoatl is not only represented there as crucified upon a cross of Greek form, but his burial and descent into hell are also depicted in a very curious manner."

In another place he observes: "The Mexicans believe that Quetzalcoatl took human nature upon him, partaking of all the infirmities of man, and was not exempt from sorrow, pain or death, which he suffered *voluntarily to atone for the sins of man.*"[10] (Italics were Pres. Taylor's.)

Juan de Torquemada, a famous Catholic missionary who spent much of his life laboring with the Indians in Mexico and in gathering their traditions, wrote a book entitled *Monarquia Indiana.* This book was first published in Spain in 1613 A.D. In it Torquemada wrote the following interesting report:

A friar named Diego de Mercado, a grave man and a dignitary of his Order, one of the most exemplary *religionists* of his time, told and wrote above his signature that years ago he had held a conversation with an Otomi Indian over seventy years old on matters relating to our holy faith. The Indian narrated to him how, long ago, the Otomis were in possession of a book, handed down from father to son and guarded by persons of importance, whose duty it was to explain it. Each page of that book had two columns, and between these columns were paintings which represented Christ crucified, whose features wore the expression of sadness; and such is the God who reigns, they said. For the sake of reverence, they did not turn the leaves with their hands, but with a tiny stick kept along with the book for that purpose. The friar having asked the Indian what the contents of the volume were and its teachings, the old man could not give the details, but said that, were it in existence yet, it would be evident that the teachings of that Book and the preaching of the friar were one and the same. But the venerable heirloom had perished in the ground, where its guardians had buried it at the arrival of the Spaniards.[11]

Bishop Bartholome de las Casas, a famous Spanish missionary, devoted most of his life to teaching the Indians of Chiapas, Mexico, and recording their beliefs. He reported that Francis Hernandez, a priest laboring under

(*Continued on following page*)

[9]Von Humboldt, cited in Taylor, *op. cit.*, p. 202.

[10]Lord Kingsborough, *Antiquities of Mexico*, cited in Taylor, *idem.*

[11]Juan de Torquemada, *Monarquia Indiana* (first published in Spain in 1615), 1732 ed., *tomo*, p. 15.

(*Continued from preceding page*)

his direction, wrote him a letter stating that the Indians he had contacted possessed a tradition of a Godhead composed of three members, similar to the Holy Trinity worshiped by the Christians. Icona was the name the Indians applied to the individual comparable to God the Father; Bacab was their name for Jesus Christ; and Echuac was comparable to the Holy Ghost. The letter also stated that one of the old native chiefs claimed that the following story had come down to him from his ancient ancestors:

". . . They [the Chiapan Indians] tell that Eopuco put him [Bacab, the "White Bearded God"] to death, had him scourged, placed a crown of thorns on his head, and hung him with extended arms from a pole; not meaning that he was nailed but bound to it; and to better explain, the chief extended his own arms. There he finally died, . . ."[12]

The foregoing tradition of the Chiapan Indians constitutes one more version of the crucifixion of the "Fair God." De Roo adds the following information concerning their tradition:

We have noticed before that the Chiapan son-god, Bacab, who had been scourged by Eopuco and crowned with thorns, had also been the divine son of the Mexican virgin goddess. This same son of Chibirias or Chimalma had been put to death by crucifixion; and this sacrilegious crime had been perpetrated on a Friday. So had the Chiapans been informed by bearded men who in ancient times had taught them to confess their sins and to fast every Friday in honor of the death of Bacab. . . .[13]

The foregoing quotations from several writers indicate that at the time of the discovery of America—even before the aborigines had had opportunities to receive information from European Christians—the knowledge of the crucifixion of the "Fair God" was widespread. Since this event was thoroughly known by the inhabitants of ancient America, as is attested in the Nephite records, it is logical to conclude that that is the source of the Indian traditions.

A graphic and vivid account is given in the Book of Mormon of the darkness that prevailed upon the Western Hemisphere and the terrible destruction which took place at the time of Christ's crucifixion and the excessive darkness that prevailed while the Master's body lay in the tomb.[14] It is not strange that the knowledge of such momentous events would survive until after the discovery of America by Columbus, and documentary sources testify that this was the case.

As a result of his extensive study of the American aborigines, Dr. P. De Roo made the following statement:

Another circumstance of our Saviour's death seems to be remembered in Mexico, for it is related in its traditions that, at the disappearance of Quetzalcoatl, both sun and moon were covered in darkness, while a single star appeared in the heavens.[15]

Compare the following description from the Book of Mormon with De Roo's statement:

And it came to pass that there was thick darkness upon all the face of the land, insomuch that the inhabitants thereof who had not fallen could feel the vapor of darkness.

And there was not any light seen, neither fire, nor glimmer, neither the sun, nor the moon, nor the stars, for so great were the mists of darkness which were upon the face of the land.[16]

Students of the Book of Mormon readily recognize the fact that the Indians' tradition, mentioned by De Roo, that ". . . a single star appeared in the heavens" at Quetzalcoatl's death, confuses an event that took place at the birth of Christ with the events that occurred at his death; for the Nephites records declare:

. . . Samuel, the Lamanite did prophesy. . . .

Behold, I give unto you a sign; for five years more cometh, and behold, then cometh the Son of God to redeem all those who shall believe on his name.

And behold, there shall a new star arise, such an one as ye never have beheld; and this also shall be a sign [of Christ's birth] unto you.[17]

The fulfilment of this prophecy is recorded as follows: "And it came to pass also that a new star did appear, according to the word."[18]

A marvelous account of the destruction which took place on the Western Hemisphere at the time of Christ's crucifixion was recorded by Ixtlilxochitl, an Indian prince who lived near the city of Mexico (1600 A.D.).

To quote:

. . . the *sun and the moon eclipsed,* and the earth trembled, and the rocks broke, and many other things and signs took place, . . . This happened in the year of *ce Calli,* which, adjusting this count with ours, *comes to be at the same time when Christ our Lord suffered, and they say that it happened during the first days of the year.* . . .

A few days after he [Quetzalcoatl] went from there, the *destruction and desolation* related of the third age of the world took place, and then was destroyed that memorable and sumptuous building and tower in the city of Cholula, which was like another tower of Babel, which these people were building almost with the same designs, it being destroyed by the wind. And later those who escaped the extermination of the third age built a temple on its ruins to Quetzalcoatl, whom they placed as god of wind, because the wind was the cause of its destruction, they understanding that this calamity was sent by his hand; and they likewise called it *ce Acatl,* which was the name of the year of his coming. And, *as it seems through the mentioned histories and annals, the aforementioned happened some years after the Incarnation of Christ our Lord.*[19]

Certain historians have maintained that Ixtlilxochitl received his information from the Catholic priests. It is logical to believe that the Catholic fathers could not have given Ixtlilxochitl any information regarding the terrific destruction and unusual phenomena of nature on the Western Hemisphere at the time of Christ's crucifixion, since they knew nothing of those events. Such information could have come from only one of three sources, namely: first, from the Book of Mormon—not published until 230 years later; second, from the heavens through direct revelation; and third, from records handed down from his ancestors and traditions received from the old people. The third Ixtlilxochitl claimed to be the source of the information he used in writing his marvelous account of the history of the American Indians. Thus it seems to the writer that the *Works of Ixtlilxochitl* must be taken very seriously by students and in general esteemed as genuine and authoritative.

The Indian legends as reported by the Catholic missionaries, the statements made by Ixtlilxochitl, and the story given in the Book of Mormon all agree on several important points relative to the events which occurred

(*Continued on page 98*)

[12] Las Casas, cited in De Roo, *op. cit.,* p. 373.
[13] *Idem,* p. 431.
[14] 3 Nephi 8:9-10.
[15] De Roo, *op. cit.,* p. 190.
[16] 3 Nephi 8:20, 22.
[17] Helaman 14:1-2, 5.
[18] 3 Nephi 1:21.
[19] *Works of Ixtlilxochitl,* cited in Milton R. Hunter and Thomas Stuart Ferguson, *Ancient America and the Book of Mormon* (Oakland, 1950), p. 190.

Give and Take

by Vera Mayhew



"Something old," grandmother said softly. "Take the best of the old from both your lives, My Dear, and that new something that is peculiarly yours together and weave yourselves a wonderful life."

—*Illustrated by Siegfried Widmar*

PEARL CONDON sat on a park bench and watched the squirrels play without really seeing them. She had taken the children to school and then driven down town to do an errand or two before she went back home. It was a little early for the stores to be open so she had crossed the street into the Capitol grounds and sat down with her bitterness.

"Oh dear, that red one will chase the others away. Those reds are so aggressive."

Pearl turned to see who was speaking. The woman on the other end of the bench must be seventy at least, Pearl thought. Poorly dressed, work worn, she looked so tired. She must have little enough in her life, Pearl mused, to be interested in whether red or gray squirrels played on the courthouse lawn.

"Really?" Pearl said, not wanting to talk and yet feeling that it would be more unkind than even she felt just to look at the poor old thing and then not say a word.

"When I come down town I like to come a little early and watch the squirrels. Puts me in mind of the farm. Not that Madison is not a nice city. It's beautiful and you know it has an interesting history being between two lakes like this. I like it that the State House and all are right in the middle this way, with the stores all around. Makes it sort of solid, somehow, and protected."

Garrulous, Pearl thought, and she yearned to be on her way. But early training in courtesy kept her glued to her bench until she could think of something to say that would get her away gracefully. Pearl's mind was traveling one track these days, the selfishness of Joe in bringing her from her home in the West to live here. It was fine for him. There were experiments going on at the University in his special agricultural field, and he could get them firsthand while he continued to work. But for her it was awful. No family, no friends, and the Church so hard to get to. If Joe had to have the car, she couldn't get the children to Primary, and she and Joe almost never went to Mutual. They always managed Church on Sunday, but the other things were important too, especially to the children growing up.

"Pa tried living on a farm cause that's where I was born and raised," Pearl became conscious of her companion. "We had the four children

(*Continued on following page*)

GIVE AND TAKE

(*Continued from preceding page*)

and I knew it would be good for them in the country. But Pa just couldn't take it, so we moved back into town and he got a job in the print shop. It's right a man should work where he likes it."

Pearl really looked at the woman for the first time. Her gnarled hands were crossed on her bony knees, and her tired eyes were seeing the past as well as the squirrels.

"You mean you spent your whole life in the city and kept the children here when all the time you wanted to live on a farm?" Pearl asked.

"Well, yes, in a way," the woman answered.

"What do you mean, in a way?" Pearl asked. "Did you move back and forth?"

"No. You see Pa knew I liked it in the country so we got a house just outside of town where I could have a little garden and raise some pups, things like that. It wasn't like the farm, but the children did see and work with growing things."

"You mean you compromised?" Pearl said in a flat voice.

The woman smiled a tired smile. "Isn't that what marriage is?" she asked. "It's all a matter of give and take."

Not mine, Pearl thought. Mine is going to be a working together for the children and what's best for them. She sat silent on the park bench and her companion went on.

"It doesn't really matter where you live if you live in peace." Pearl sat a little straighter. Was this woman some sort of mind reader? Her cheeks flushed angrily as she thought of Joe at the breakfast table.

"Look, Pearl," he had said. "You're being a child about this. You're not acting as old as Jeannie. It doesn't matter to kids where they live, it only matters how they live," and he had pushed his chair back with such force that it toppled over, and he hurried out of the house leaving his breakfast half eaten.

Pearl had looked at the white, strained faces of her children and thought, I suppose it isn't childish to rush out without breakfast and slam doors. She tried to put on a smile and finish her own meal but it was a sorry attempt. She knew the horrid scene had made an impression on the children. She had been unable to think of any thing else all morning and was really sitting on the park bench trying to decide whether to wire her parents that she was coming home or try once more to talk things over with Joe. Now this dowdy old woman was repeating Joe's very words. She must get away, really. She looked at her watch and murmured, "The stores must be open now. I have to hurry. Excuse me please."

But as Pearl did her errands and later her housework she kept thinking about the woman on the park bench. She wondered what had happened to the four children. Had they turned out well or were they born to be farmers and were now frustrated city dwellers? Not rich, at any rate, she thought, judging from the appearance of the mother. But maybe the mother was just independent. What's the matter with me, she thought. I guess they could find a farm if they wanted to, for goodness sake. Still she had the exasperated feeling that she had left a story half read and now could not find the magazine. That's me, so full of myself I couldn't give a lonely person a chance to talk.

So full of myself, she thought, and dropped the mending she was trying to do. Maybe Joe isn't the only selfish one. Just because I had a wonderful childhood, living close to grandparents and uncles and aunts and cousins and almost next door to the Church, doesn't mean that there isn't any other kind of good childhood. Just because my home town is close to the tall mountains that give a feeling of strength and stability doesn't mean there is no beauty anywhere else. She crossed the room and sat down in a chair near the window. From where she sat she could see across the town to the lake. She watched quietly and let the peaceful beauty of the water settle round her heart. She felt as if a filmy veil had been removed from in front of her face and she was seeing things clearly for the first time. She remembered the vows she had taken in the temple the day of her marriage. She remembered getting ready for her reception in the evening and her grandmother coming in to her room to place a string of crystal beads around her neck. "Something old," Grandmother said softly. "Take the best of the old from both your lives, my dear, and that new something that is peculiarly yours together and weave yourselves a wonderful life."

Wasn't that just another way of saying compromise? That thing she wasn't going to have in her marriage? But if you didn't have compromise it had to be all one way or all the other. Would she admire Joe if he just followed her way? But could she be happy just following his?

She put her head in her hands. She had a lot of thinking to do.

The children came in full of the day's happenings at school and she gave them abstracted attention, her mind still busy. She prepared dinner in a sort of haze and got the children washed and ready and watching television while they waited for Joe to come in.

When she heard Joe's step on the stair she had a moment's qualm. What if he were still angry? she thought. What if we can't talk? What if we have forgotten how to get through to each other?

Jeannie had the door open and was hanging on to her father with Bud not far behind. Joe gave Pearl a questioning look over their heads as he stopped and hugged them both close to him.

"Dad did you know that Madison is built between two lakes and one is an Indian man and one is an Indian woman?" Ben asked.

And wisdom goes out from the center of the city to the life all around? Jane thought as she listened to Bud's account of the Indian man and the Indian woman.

"There are lots of interesting lakes in Wisconsin and lots of interesting Indian stories connected with them," Joe said. "This summer we'll travel around a little week ends and for our vacation and see some of them."

Later that night Joe looked at Pearl and said quietly, "I didn't really mean what I said about week ends and vacation this summer. I started some wheels working today. I think we'll be back home by the end of June."

Pearl's heart lurched. "I started some wheels working, too," she said. "Mostly in my head. A man has a right to work where he is happiest," she quoted almost under her breath.

"A man's responsibility is the happiness of his family," Joe answered. "If you aren't happy here the kids

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The Rewards Untold!

by Louise Parnell

THERE ARE those among us who dislike to perform a certain task simply because we will not reap the benefits of the labor we must expend in its performance. Mrs. Jones was such an individual. She and her husband owned a comfortable home. But because the neighborhood had become a little more populated than they liked, they had thought about selling the place.

"Farther out into the country," she'd say, "where things will be lots quieter."

With this thought in mind, Mrs. Jones did not think it wise to do any "extras" around the place.

"We won't be here to enjoy them, anyway! No sense leaving it all to the next fellow!"

In the meanwhile, the price on property skyrocketed beyond all sense of proportion. Even though they could get a good price on their own home, still they figured they would have to carry a mortgage if they were to get something as nice as the home which they now owned.

The result? Three years went by, and the Jones' were still waiting for the *right moment* to make the *right move.*

In the meanwhile, where were the fruit trees which they had wanted to replace? Still not planted!

Where were the rosebushes that they had meant to add to their rose-garden? Still not planted!

And where was the veranda on which they had thought to get an estimate so that they could enjoy the cool breezes of summer evenings? Still only in their minds!

The obvious result? They were depriving themselves of certain pleasures, only because they were afraid to leave them to the other fellow to enjoy.

But what an entirely different attitude Mr. Powers had on life! He was a widower in his late seventies. By the law of averages, there were not too many years left for him on earth. He knew it. But that did not deter him from doing what he had planned to do. He refused to let time interfere. When the day came to replace the fruit trees, he did.

"You won't be around to taste a one!" an old friend of his teased.

"I know I won't, John," Mr. Powers replied. "You don't think for a minute that I think I have a lease on life, do you?" he asked with a sly wink.



—*Davis of Monkmeyer Press*

"Saving the soil for future generations."

"But I do have a lease on today. And that's what counts! There's a lot I can do today, so I'm doing it!" He paused a while reflectively. Then, he went on.

"See these trees I'm planting? When I'm gone and those who come to live here after me eat the fruit of these trees, don't you think they'll bless the day I planted them? Of course they will! And they'll think kindly of me. So—that's a good enough reason for me to want to plant them, John. I don't need another one!"

Mr. Powers had not lived seventy-odd years for nothing!

So, then, even if we are planning to relocate, why defer improvements on our present home just because someone else will enjoy them and not us?

To put Mr. Powers' sound philosophy to the test, I have only to turn to myself to discover the truth of his words.

We purchased a home in the suburbs. The previous owners had possessed the kindness of heart to trellis in our complete garden with honeysuckle vines. I cannot begin to tell the enjoyment these honeysuckled-walls have given us, not only in their beauty but also in the quietude they afford and in the pungent sweetness of their fragrance on a hot summer's night. They have given us a serenity of mind and of soul that is priceless.

How have the previous owners benefited from our pleasure? There isn't a time that we admire the honeysuckle without thinking of the Tunnisons. In thinking of them, our thoughts are all good thoughts. Because good thoughts have a way of reaching their mark, there is no doubt that the heart of the Tunnisons must gladden more times than we can record.

It is the same with the maple tree that dominates the lawn next door. If Miss Campbell, the elderly spinster who lived there some time ago, had been selfish and refused to plant the tree just because she knew she was going to pass her years of retirement in Florida, far from here, then the beautiful maple would not be there!

Could she have foreseen the invalid who now lives in the home she formerly occupied, daily reclining in his wheel chair beneath the maple, giving him the solace and comfort he needs? No, she could not have foreseen this. Time has a way of unfolding events in her own special way.

But, certainly, if she ever decides to pay a visit here, her heart will rejoice when she notes the pleasure which her work has brought.

Yes, it is good to do things as though we are doing them for ourselves. Then, they will be well done. It does not matter that we will not benefit from them directly. We will always gain indirectly.

And that is equally as good, if not better. For the rewards untold of blessings cast in our direction are so great we cannot begin to compute them.

(Continued)

There Were Jaredites

by Dr. Hugh Nibley
BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

That is point one of what makes a heroic age. Now consider the second characteristic," Blank drew a figure 2 on the board and read from Chadwick. " 'Feeling for nationality,' says our guide, (Chadwick, p. 94) 'is of no account in heroic poetry and saga. Love of home and the duty of defending it are of course recognized, but the interest . . . is always concentrated upon the doings or experiences of individuals.' " Kramer describes the situation succinctly:

> Now the most characteristic feature of all four of our heroic ages is this: they represent a rather barbaric cultural stage in the life of a people which has come far indeed from the primitive but has not yet attained the maturity and stability of a civilized society. Its dominant element is a rather numerous military class . . . to whom the underlying bulk of the population counts for very little. It is these knightly aristocrats who have freed themselves from the tribal obligations and idea which govern the more primitive peoples. At the same time they have developed no true national organization and are inspired by little if any national feeling; their success and failure depend on the personal prowess of their leaders and kings whom they follow . . . but from whom they are ready to drift away if these tend to turn too peaceful or become ungenerous in their rewards.[12]

"Looks like a whole list of points for Ether," the professor observed, and Mr. Blank modestly confessed that it was a remarkably good description of the very conditions described in Ether and pointed out by him in a minor tract on the world of the Jaredites. "But isn't it remarkable," he added, "that this complex and peculiar—we might almost say freakish—state of things turns up complete in epic literature wherever we find it?"

"There is one slip though," said the professor, "Kramer says these are people who have 'not yet attained the maturity and stability of a civilized society,' and yet your Jaredites are supposed to have had everything that belongs to a very sophisticated world, including a library."

"Well, what does Kramer or anybody know about any of these people before their migrations started? Only this, that something in every case *forced* them to move; if they come onto the stage rather shabbily equipped, it is not because they began life that way but because something happened that made them pull up stakes in a hurry and clear out with just enough stuff for a forced march. Remember, these people are *not* habitual nomads—they are moving because they have to, and in every case they are looking for lands to settle in. They have been forcibly evicted from their old homes and grazing lands. Now it is granted that these people *wherever they go* find civilization 'in the process of disintegration' to quote Kramer—it is a time of *world* calamity. What reason have we therefore to doubt that it was the disintegration of their own less stable civilization that forced them to move in the first place? If they move in on a world in collapse, you can be perfectly sure that they left one behind as well—otherwise they would never have migrated."

"Any evidence for that?"

"The epics are full of it. The mere fact that our heroes do not enjoy what they are doing but want to get the business over with and settle down as soon as possible should be indication enough. Most epic poems are in mood little more than a prolonged agony. Remember what Goethe says about the *Iliad?* That it teaches us just one thing: 'that life on this earth is a hell.' But note what Kramer says here: these people have all 'freed themselves from . . . tribal obligations.' That means the breaking up of old orders and the cracking of old molds. These people have seen their traditional social order collapse, and with it all sense of security. The heroic mood is one of sheer desperation, as E. V. Gordon points out. Do you have him? Good: '. . . a good resistance against overpowering odds was made the characteristic situation of heroic literature . . . the gods themselves knew that they would in the end be overwhelmed by the evil powers, but they were prepared to resist to the last. Every religious-minded man of the heathen age believed that he existed for the sake of that hopeless cause . . .' and so on.[13] That is not, I submit, a permanent, stable, or even tolerable state of things. And what about their military organization? Do you remember how things went in the councils of the chiefs in Homer?"

"I seem to recall," the professor shut his eyes, "glorious Agamemnon and godlike Achilles going at each other like a couple of alley cats. . . ."

"Exactly. And that is typical. You have a loose military hierarchy, a very mixed army thrown together in a forced campaign of survival under chieftains who quarrel ferociously among themselves and are always trying to decide who outranks whom. It is a tense and unpleasant situation from start to finish, with everybody's nerves strained to the breaking point and all the people running around and asking, 'Who's in charge around here?' I ask you, can this chaotic organization in which no one is sure of his place possibly be the result of orderly growth, settled tradition, or careful planning? It is a desperate makeshift that pleases nobody. As Achilles says right at the outset, the whole thing wasn't his idea, and he has left much better things behind. So had the lady Andromache left a happy world behind—in ashes.. The Jaredites didn't travel light, but still they never regarded their own civilization as anything but a pale reflection of the original article *they* had to leave behind."

"Let's get on to our third point," said the professor.

"Which is, that epic is concerned not only with individuals but also primarily with individuals who are princes: the cast of characters, we are told, 'consists almost wholly of princes and their military followers.' (P. 64.) Among these 'there is usually one character whose adventures form the chief subject of interest.' " (P. 78.)

"That, I suppose, is why the whole thing is called heroic—centers around a hero?"

"Yes, in every epic there are heroes and also *the* hero."

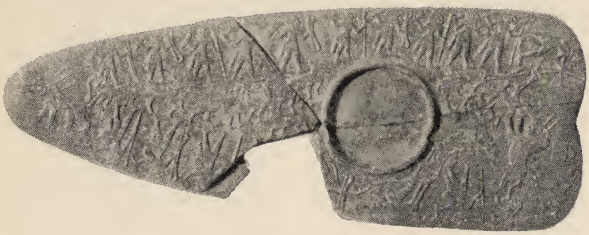
"A sort of superman."

"He is always mortal and human, and he always occupies a position of subordination, taking orders from a relatively colorless king or commander. He has almost superhuman, but never supernatural, strength, and yet from time to time he receives

supernatural aid. Altogether a strange and impressive figure!" (Chadwick, chap. V.)

"You will forgive me," said the professor, "if I suggest that you have been describing the brother of Jared to the life."

"His overwhelming importance is understandable if one considers that during actual migration the complete preponderance of one strong character is a necessity. Have you seen C. S. Coon's new opus? I have it here, by the way. Here at the beginning he gives us an interesting picture of the human race living for at least ninety percent of its lifetime on earth as wandering hunters; I must admit it is strictly in the H. G. Wells tradition, but anyway he imagines that these 'hunters lived in bands of from two to twenty or so families, all usually related to each other. In each band, while families were independent, the leadership was vested



Hunting scene from a prehistoric Egyptian palette. An army of beaters is driving the animals to an enclosure. Note the great variety of game. This shows that the royal hunt as described in Ether 10:19 is very ancient.

in one man in his prime, distinguished for his skill at providing meat, in preventing and settling quarrels, and in conducting foreign affairs. . . .'[14] If there is anything to that, then the organization of the epic migrations was simply a reversion to normal ways of life. Be that as it may, the portrait of the brother of Jared as a great primal hero and migration leader is a very striking one—remember that the book of Ether as it comes to us is supposed to have been composed from traditions and materials handed down for thousands of years."

"In a way," mused the professor, "it is rather remarkable that the only really heroic figures in the Book of Mormon are found in Ether. Lehi, Nephi, King Benjamin, and the others were certainly great men, but after all they were normal human beings in trying situations. With Ether it is different—you get some positively real heroes in the legendary sense—*überlebensgross*, the Germans would say: the outsized images of real people, like statues of heroic size."

"And yet," his friend added, locating another passage in Chadwick, "there is this interesting thing about them. Chadwick notes that even though the most ferocious and even depraved characters occupy the stage of epic, 'there is no character who appears uniformly in an unfavorable light.' (P. 82.) You will find that also true of the Jaredite monsters—one can't help feeling a touch of admiration and sympathy even for Shiz and Coriantumr, and the licentious tyrants like Noah and Riplakish are not real patrons of the arts but have also a touch of real magnificence. Chadwick rings the bell here: 'The behavior of the heroes often strikes their reader as childish or brutal.'" (P. 77.)

"No comment necessary," said F. "'In their dealings with one another,'" the other continued to read, "'a dignified and fastidious tone . . . prevails,' even between bitter rivals, that is." (P. 78.)

"Rules of chivalry and all that."

"Yes, as is well-known, the rules and the cult of chivalry originated with these people. Fighting was strictly according to the book, with formal challenges and exchange of messengers. When one hero submits to another, his followers are spared. Fighting ceases formally at sundown, with no funny stuff during the night. . . ."

"Do you seriously think those old boys actually kept the rules? I seem to remember Achilles and Ajax flying off the handle."

"And do you remember how Achilles was slapped down for it by his divine mother? And how when Ajax sobered up he was so humiliated by what he had done that he committed suicide? Of course they break the rules, but the rules are there. 'Yet, strangely enough,' says Chadwick, 'even the greatest heroes sometimes win their most notable triumphs by means which appear to us unfair.'" (P. 86.)

"That sounds like a prize understatement."

"Our heroes fight a lot. I think Gordon is right when he says that the idea that they loved fighting is wrong —they fought only when and because they had to."

"Which was most of the time, it would seem."

"Yes, Chadwick writes, 'Warfare is an essential rather than an accessory of heroic life.' (P. 95.) And that leads to our next point: that the scene of action in the epics is confined exclusively to the battlefield, the court, the hunt, or some place of adventure—usually a wilderness." (P. 79.)

"Aha! You say wilderness to put me in mind of Ether. But I guess it's fair game."

"No, I am thinking of certain key epics in which the wilderness is the normal background. Of course there is Siegfried, vibrating between the woods and the court—I dare say Wagner's heroic world of caves and forests was not all papier-maché. But bring Ether into it if you must; I will make no objection. In fact the next point almost compels you to think of it: 'Fighting is apt to take the form of single combats between leading heroes.' (P. 95.) Offhand I would say that that is certainly the best-known aspect of epic story."

"And quite well known in Joseph Smith's day," the professor commented.

"For which reason," the other countered, "it is all the more necessary to distinguish between mere eye-catching episodes and the complete epic milieu, which was definitely *not* known in the Prophet's day."

"But after all, he could have read Homer or Robin Hood, or something."

"Homer, yes. But Robin Hood isn't epic. You would be surprised how few epic texts had appeared in print. Homer, in fact, was the only real writer available—people thought Dante, and Camoens, and Virgil were epics, of course, but that only shows how little anyone understood what epic was. While I was still in high school scholars firmly believed that epic poetry was 'deep-browed Homer's demesne,' the product of poetic imagination pure and simple whether of a

(*Continued on page* 106)

Solomon Mack and His Family

PART 5

by Archibald F. Bennett
SECRETARY GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY

Solomon Mack spent the last few years of his life in Gilsum, at the home of his son, Solomon Mack, Jr. The latter had a family of seven surviving children. For many years afterwards residents of Gilsum retained the memory of him in his old age, "riding about town on a side-saddle. At the age of 76, he (had) experienced a very remarkable religious conversion, and became zealous, often visiting the schools and talking to the young on the subject of religion."[73]

The tax levy at Gilsum for 1819 lists as residents both Solomon Mack and Solomon Mack, Jr. That for 1820 names only Solomon Mack, Jr. The reason is that the father had died, just 23 days short of 88 years of age. He was buried in the Bond Cemetery (now called the Centennial Cemetery) on a hill above the town of Gilsum. The brief inscription on his gravestone reads:

SOLOMON MACK, 1st
Died Aug. 23, 1820
AE. 84 yrs.

(As has been related earlier, Solomon Mack's original apprentice papers were destroyed by a master who desired Solomon to appear younger than he was. So he went through life believing that the date of his birth was September 26, 1735. Later genealogical research has proved—in the Lyme Vital Records—that Solomon Mack was born there September 15, 1732. Hence the difference between his age recorded here and stated on his tombstone.)

When we visited his last resting place on October 9, 1951, we drove up a steep winding road, leading from the Ashuelot River, into the cemetery. His grave was located in front of a clump of willows. The stone marker had been broken, and was fastened together with iron straps. Beside him were resting his son and relatives, in a lot around which a low curbstone had been built by Solomon's grandsons.

Solomon's daughters, Lovisa and Lovina are also buried here, but theirs are among the many earlier graves "now unnamed and unknown."

JASON, LYDIA, AND DANIEL GATES MACK

Jason Mack, eldest child of Solomon Mack and Lydia Gates, was born about 1760, probably in Lyme, New London, Connecticut. He served in his youth with his father and brother Stephen in the Revolutionary War. He was a preacher of the word throughout his life, from the age of twenty. After his first disappointment in love, already related, he married again, and had children. For many years he taught and assisted others in the states of Vermont and New York.

About 1815 he visited his relatives in Tunbridge, Vermont. Twenty years later he wrote a letter to his brother Solomon, which his sister Lucy preserved.

South Branch of Ormucto
Province of New Brunswick
June 30th, 1835.

My Dear Brother Solomon:

You will, no doubt, be surprised to hear that I am still alive, although in an absence of twenty years I have never written to you before. But I trust you will forgive me when I tell you that, for most of the twenty years, I have been so situated that I have had little or no communication with the lines, and have been holding meetings, day and night, from place to place; besides, my mind has been so taken up with the deplorable situation of the earth, the darkness in which it lies, that, when my labors did call me near the lines, I did not realize the opportunity which presented itself of letting you know where I was. And, again, I have designed visiting you long since, and annually have promised myself that the succeeding year I would certainly seek out my relatives, and enjoy the privilege of one pleasing interview with them before I passed into the valley and shadow of death. But last, though not least, let me not startle you when I say, that, according to my early adopted principles of the power of faith, the Lord has, in his exceeding kindness, bestowed upon me the gift of healing by the prayer of faith, and the use of such simple means as seem congenial to the human system; but my chief reliance is upon him who organized us at the first, and can restore at pleasure that which is disorganized.

The first of my peculiar successes in this way was twelve years since, and from nearly that date I have had little rest. In addition to the incessant calls which I, in a short time had, there was the most overwhelming torrent of opposition poured down upon me that I ever witnessed. But it pleased God to take the weak to confound the wisdom of the wise. I have in the last twelve years seen the greatest manifestations of the power of God in healing the sick, that, with all my sanguinity, I ever hoped or imagined. And when the learned infidel has declared with sober face, time and again, that disease had obtained such an ascendancy that death could be resisted no longer, that the victim must wither beneath his potent arm, I have seen the almost lifeless clay slowly but surely resuscitated, and revive, till the pallid monster fled so far that the patient was left in the full bloom of vigorous health. But it is God that hath done it, and to him let all the praise be given.

I am now compelled to close this epistle, for I must start immediately on a journey of more than one hundred miles, to attend a heavy case of sickness; so God be with you all. Farewell!

Jason Mack.

The next intelligence we received concerning Jason, after his letter to Brother Solomon, was, that he, his wife, and oldest son, were dead, and this concludes my account of my brother Jason.[74]

Lydia Mack, third daughter of Solomon Mack and Lydia Gates, was born at Marlow, New Hampshire, in the year 1764. With the family she moved to Gilsum, where she married. The marriage record reads:

Samuel Bill and Lyday Mack was Married Jan. 26 1786.[75]

Samuel Bill was a member of one of the most numerous, prominent, and influential families in Gilsum. Born at Hebron, Conn., Feb. 27, 1763, he was the son of Samuel Bill and Sarah Bond. From his father he inherited the home where he lived, and this home continued in possession of the same family for over a century. He "in 1800 built the south part of the house now standing. In 1802 and 1803 he kept tavern here. He

[73] *History of Gilsum, N. H.*, pp. 201, 240, 64.

[74] *History of Joseph Smith by his Mother, Lucy Smith*, pp. 40-42.

[75] *Ibid.*, pp. 40-42.

was a 'peculiar man,' fond of inventing odd words and expressions, some of which are still remembered. He was often called Lieut. Bill, having held that office in the militia. He served the town as Selectman for ten years." His wife Lydia joined the Congregational Church in Gilsum prior to 1806. In 1805 he was a member of the Superintending School Committee.[76]

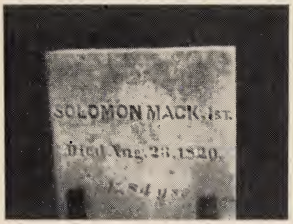
Samuel Bill served as sexton of Gilsum, 1815-1817. David Bill was sexton for 1837-1841. In the Bessel Rock Cemetery at Gilsum are these inscriptions to Lydia Mack Bill and her husband.

In memory of
Mrs. LYDIA, wife of Lieut. SAMUEL BILL,
who died Jan. 8, 1826. AEt. 62.

Now she's gone to realms above,
Where saints and angels meet;
To realize her Saviour's love
And worship at His feet.

Lieut. SAML BILL
died Aug. 13, 1845,
AE. 82.

He has gone to his rest in the home of the blest,
Where troubles no more can assail him;
Where the Righteous shall shine in their robes all divine,
And the angels of glory shall hail him.[77]



The Grave of Solomon Mack in the Centennial Cemetery, Gilsum, New Hampshire.

They were the parents of six children; one daughter and one son died in infancy; two sons and two daughters grew to maturity, married and reared families.

Children of Samuel Bill and Lydia Mack:
(born at Gilsum, N.H.)

i. LYDIA, b. 30 Jan. 1787; d. 4 Mar. 1865; md. 3 Sep. 1804, TRUMAN MILLER.
ii. SAMUEL, b. 1 Sep. 1788; d. 12 Apr. 1824; md. 4 Sep. 1810, MELINTHA ELLIS.
iii. LUCY, b. 23 Nov. 1792; d. infant.
iv. DAVID, b. 2 Apr. 1794; d. infant.
v. DAVID, b. 2 Nov. 1795; md. 11 Jan. 1818, LUCY DORT.
vi. LUCY, b. 8 Jan. 1798; d. 5 Nov. 1846; md. 29 Oct. 1816, AMASA MILLER

[76] *History of Gilsum*, N. H., pp. 197, 144, 106, 128.
[77] *Ibid.*, p. 73.

Truman Miller and his wife Lydia Bill were the parents of six children, three of whom married. Truman lived in Marlow and in Sharon, Vermont. He came to Gilsum and remained from about 1810 to 1825, then returned to Marlow. He was present at the great bear hunt of 1816.

Samuel Bill, Jr., died in young manhood, yet was the father of seven children. His posterity is numerous. He lies buried in Vessel Rock Cemetery beside his parents.

Capt. David Bill, son of Samuel and Lydia, was a notable character in Gilsum, ever prominent in all worthy endeavors in the community. The War of 1812 with England was on, and he was serving in it as a youth of eighteen in the Gilsum militia when, in September 1814, his detachment was ordered to "march to Portsmouth immediately." Gilsum was called on to furnish seven men. The captain called his company together and proposed a draft. Fourteen men at once volunteered. David Bill was one of the seven chosen. He enlisted for sixty days, Sept. 25, 1814. These troops marched to Portsmouth, remaining there a short time. They were not engaged in battle. The wages paid by the government were eight dollars a month. "Capt. David Bill, now in his 84th year, is the only one of the seven who is still living." He was a pensioner from the year 1871. He was commissioned as Captain in the militia.



Archibald F. Bennett at the grave of Solomon Mack.

He inherited from his father the old homestead. In 1821 he built an addition on the north half of the house. He was an early member of the Gilsum Library Society, was sexton 1831-1841, served the town as its representative to the General Court in the New Hampshire legislature for three years, eight years as a town Selectman, and was a Justice of the Peace for fifteen years.

His second son, Daniel Wright Bill, born July 10, 1822, followed in the footsteps of his father as a public servant. He lived in the same house with his father.

He is one of the largest land-owners in this vicinity, a prosperous and intelligent farmer. Serving in the militia, he rose from Captain through successive offices to that of Brigadier-General. He had served the town six years as Moderator, seven years as Superintending School Committee, four years in the Legislature, and as Selectman eighteen years, which is the longest term upon our records. He was also delegate to the Constitutional Convention of 1877 and is Justice of the Peace.[78]

Lucy Bill, youngest child of Samuel Bill and Lydia Mack, was born Jan. 8, 1798. She married Amasa Miller, Oct. 29, 1816. He was her distant cousin, being a son of Free-love Mack. They were blessed with eight children, born in a number of different towns in New Hampshire and Vermont. She died Nov. 5, 1846, in Reading, and he Apr. 15, 1848, in Cavendish, both in Windsor Co., Vermont.

Daniel Gates Mack, third son of Solomon Mack and Lydia Gates, was married, as previously related, at Tunbridge, Vermont, Jan. 27, 1799, to Miss Sally Ball, both being then "of Montague, Mass."

While he was in Gilsum he and his brothers and other settlers had encounters with bears, which were often seen.

Daniel Mack was living at Royalton, Vermont, in 1816, according to the statement of his sister, Lucy Mack Smith. Their aged mother died at his home.

The last mention found of him is from the pen of his sister Lucy. She writes that her husband, Joseph Smith, Sr., and his brother, John Smith, set out on a missionary journey in the year 1836, to visit branches of the Church in the East. From August 3rd to 8th they were in Gilsum, visiting with Solomon Mack,

(*Continued on page* 110)

[78] *Ibid.*, 40, 85, 128, 197.



High Adventure

and a young man's conversion

PART IV

by President S. Dilworth Young

OF THE FIRST COUNCIL OF THE SEVENTY

SYNOPSIS

Young Jed Colby, shanghaied from London and taken to sea, lands near Galveston, Texas Republic, after his ship is lost in a storm. There he finds an army scouting party who befriend him and take him to Santa Fe. Meeting members of the Mormon Battalion there, he decides to stow away and travel farther west with them. After suffering greatly from thirst, they approach a water hole.

GETTING THE WAGONS down the steep slope was hard, but the majority of the men found hidden reservoirs of strength. The wheels were "rough locked" to the beds. The men now reversed the ropes and "held back" on them. Before long all wagons were safely down, and the dry bed of the lake stretched before them, level as a table and hard as concrete.

The mules, scenting the distant water, suddenly came to life and pulled with a will. Colonel Cooke gave orders for the mule skinners to take the wagons on into camp, while, freed of the galling job of pulling, most of the men easily walked the three miles to water.

Standage was fagging out fast. "Maybe I can get there if I rest a while," he croaked. "I'm going to lie down." Cox and two others sank down beside him. The afternoon wore on.

Standage dreamed that he was lying in water, soaking it up like a sponge. He didn't want to move. He just wanted to make his bed in the water—let it cover him—absorb him—he flowed with water. When he opened his eyes, Jed was holding his head up, pouring swallows of water into his mouth. A star shining through the gathering dusk seemed to wink at him as he greedily gulped the precious liquid.

"It's a good thing I had a little in the kegs," remarked Jed. "That will put you where you ought to be." He gave a cup each to the other men. "It isn't so far now," he coaxed gently. "I can see the light of the fires from here."

"I can make it," croaked Standage.

They rose to their feet, adjusted their packs and blankets, and shouldered their muskets.

"Better sing 'Jim along Joe,'" muttered Standage. "Old Doc Sanderson would judge us to be crow meat. Let's march." Toward midnight they came within sound of the encampment. A spring gushed out of the edge of the lake, ran a short distance, and sank in the desert. Standage staggered over to its bank, dropped his gun and blanket, and lay down in the middle of the stream. The water enclosed him—covered him—oozed into him. The blessed water! He drank and lived!

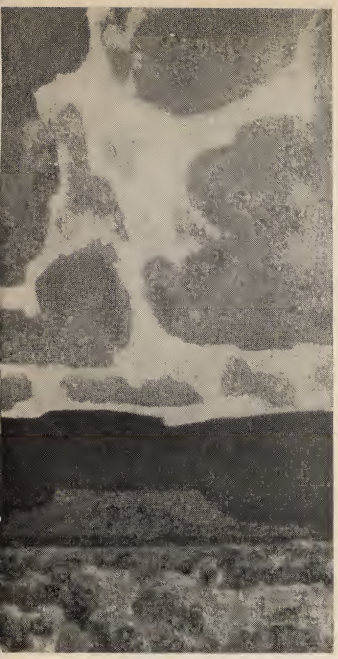
The Battalion was resting at the springs of the dry lake after its two-day waterless march. Company "E" took advantage of the halt to make repairs in clothing, to wash, and to nurse itself back to marching efficiency.

A fire made early in the day following their arrival did not bring any Apaches, but some Mexican traders ventured close to see who had made the smoke and were brought in by Charboneaux. They couldn't tell the colonel much.

"This spring, it is by the dry lake Las Plagas. It is called the spring of Las Plagas, and the mountain to the right, that is the lady of Guadalupe. It is highest in the range. These mountains are called Sierra de Los Animos. From the distance they are what you say in the English, animate, they shimmer in the heat."

"Can one see far from the Guadalupe?"

"*Si, Señor.* Very far. But it all looks the same—great sierra—level



Mesa in Shadow—from a painting by Maynard Dixon.

mesas—on and on to the San Pedro River."

"Is there water?"

"*Si*, but one must know where to find it. The *Apachurraros huesos*—'the crushers of bones?' We saw Red Sleeve two days ago and traded with him and his men. Red Sleeve is very sly. He afraid Americanos will kill his men, so he watch from far off but not come near. His village north from old San Bernardino Ranch, five-six day 'way."

"Why is he afraid?"

"That is long story, *Señores*."

That night around a great fire which warmed them in the chill November air the squad sang old songs and told stories of the struggles of the Mormons in Missouri and Illinois. Jed listened to these tales of heartbreak and was deeply moved. His sense of justice was stirred. Surely the Mormons deserved better treatment than they'd had, and now here were nearly five hundred of them in the wilderness to prove themselves loyal to their country. His reverie was interrupted by the appearance of Captain Davis who entered the circle and stood warming his back to the fire.

"Those traders finally told the story why the Apache are afraid to come in and trade," he observed. "Want to hear it?"

A chorus of assent urged him to repeat the story he had heard earlier in the day.

"About ten years ago the Apache scouts captured a young Mexican boy who told Don José, the chief, that the governor of Sonora had offered $50.00 for the scalp of Don José, and $10.00 each for any other scalps of the Apaches. Don José did not believe this, for he was a friend of the governor and could not think him a traitor. He had the Mexican boy killed for the far-fetched story. A short time later two men, Johnson and Gleason, partners with a party of traders, came to Don José's village. They fixed a big pile of trade goods in the center of the village and in it concealed a swivel gun loaded to the muzzle with chains, balls, nails, anything that would maim or kill. Then they invited the Indians to come in and trade and receive gifts. When all were gathered, Gleason invited Don José to go to the corral to see his fine mules. Arriving at the corral, Gleason shot Don José. The chief didn't fall but leaped on Gleason, bore him to the ground, and pulled his knife to kill him. Meanwhile Johnson had touched a lighted cigar to the swivel gun touch hole. When it exploded and killed a number of women and children and some men, Johnson rushed to the corral. Don José called him, told him that Gleason had tried to kill him, but that he was a friend of Johnson's, and if Johnson would protect him from Gleason, he would let Gleason live. For reply Johnson rushed up and shot Don José, killing him. Johnson, Gleason, and their party then escaped on their mules. Though the surviving men pursued them and killed several, Johnson and Gleason were not caught, got away, and are still living in Sonora. The Apaches have sworn revenge on the Americans and will not come near to get caught again. They also have sworn eternal war on the governor of Sonora and his people.

"I can't say that I blame them for not coming around, can you?" concluded the captain.

"I don't think I'd care to be very far out in the desert alone if that's what happened," said Cox. "That accounts for all the signal fires we've seen at night on the peaks and the smokes in the daytime yet not a sight of an Indian."

Jed sat, intently gazing into the fire during the recital. He did not believe Americans could be capable of such treachery. And yet here were two Americans who had done the deed, and within five miles of where he was sitting! Many whites believed that the only good Indians were dead Indians. Kit Carson, peer of all the mountain men, had said that you couldn't trust any Indian, but Jed knew why now.

So wrapped up in his own thoughts was Jed that when he felt a touch on his shoulder, involuntarily the hair rose on the back of his neck as a wave of startled fear enveloped him. He turned quickly, half ducking the expected blow. Charboneaux stood grinning down at him in the firelight.

"You, boy, you one fine *petit garcon*. Tomorrow I climb Mountain Guadalupe to spy out way and hunt for meat. I teach you to hunt. You want to go, no?"

Jed gulped, "You mean me?"

"*Oui, mon ami*," said Charboneaux, lapsing into French.

Did he want to go? Did a dry mule want to get to water?

"The colonel says that you travel with me and learn to scout," said Charboneaux.

"When do we start?"

"At daylight. I will come and wake you. You will want your musket—the *poudre*, the shot—you cannot shoot the deer with words."

Jed's sleeping was fitful that night. The noises of the camp magnified in his ears until every sound was an Indian attack. One especially vivid dream he could not forget. He chased a great elk he had wounded, and he almost caught up to it when it suddenly changed into a bear—a grizzly bear which grabbed hold and started to shake him. He suddenly awoke to find Charboneaux pulling him by the foot.

"Waken, *mon garcon*," he whispered. "It is time we were moving!"

To the mountain man of the old West the things done on a hunt were automatic reflexes of things learned long ago—forgotten by the mind—but unconsciously used by the body. And to the boy, fortunate enough to watch one of these old hunters work,

(*Continued on following page*)

(*Continued from preceding page*)

the whole adventure was one long thrill.

It was still night when the two left the camp. Charboneaux, in moccasins, made hardly a sound as he walked, while Jed's every step was measured to the ears of the wary by the steady clop, clop of his boots. It wasn't long before they had reached the mountains. As they climbed, the sparse vegetation of the lower reaches was replaced with clumps of juniper and chaparral while mesquite was abundant and thorny. By the time they reached the first steep climb, the stars were fading, and the rich pink of the desert dawn was clouding the eastern sky.

They breasted the slope of a ridge. Nearly to the top, Charboneaux stopped and motioned Jed to crouch down. Charboneaux crawled up to the ridge and, choosing a small bush which grew on its summit, peered through its branches at the swale on the opposite side. He motioned Jed up to him. Jed peered over in the same manner. He could see nothing but the outlines of bushes in the dim light. Nothing moved. For a long time they lay there looking, watching, listening. The morning breeze blew down the mountain, fanning their cheeks. A half sighed "ah—ah—" from Charboneaux made Jed suddenly alert. Charboneaux had the appearance of a hunting dog which had caught the scent of game. He lay rigid with his nostrils distended as if to catch the scent, and his eyes were focused intently across the little swale. Finally Jed noticed that a bush had moved a little from the other bushes nearby. Then what were bushes suddenly became bodies, and a thrill mounted his spine and ran up into his hair as he counted, not one, but three deer not more than one hundred yards away, feeding quietly on the grass and occasionally pulling leaves off the bushes.

Charboneaux whispered instructions to the excited boy.

"We aim together. I grunt; we fire. I take big one on left; you take one in center. Shoot behind shoulder and width of two hands high from belly line."

Jed aimed, but he couldn't hold the musket still; the gun barrel weaved in circles.

"Now," grunted Charboneaux.

The heavy explosion of his gun shattered the morning stillness and echoed and re-echoed from the rocks above. Jed shot, too, but it was a convulsive reflex from the noise of his companion, and the deer at which he aimed drifted effortlessly over the next ridge. The big one had leaped high in the air at the explosion, and, turning in the air, bounded away in great leaps. Jed rose to his feet, his face showing his disappointment. Charboneaux pulled him down.

"Stay down, reload," he hissed. Jed obeyed. Charboneaux had his gun reloaded and the patch tamped home before Jed had dropped another ball down the barrel.

"If you want keep hair, always keep gun loaded. If Apaches near, they hear shots and come running. Best be ready for 'em. Sometimes you think you killin' deer, and you have bear charging from clump of brush.

"Now on that deer," explained the guide, "you too much excited. You draw fine bead and hold steady, and remember not put in too much *poudre* or the gun will give you what you call the kick. Now let's go and dress the buck."

"Didn't you miss, too?

"This gun, she not miss. She shoot plumb center ever' time."

"But your deer ran away."

"*Oui*, he ran, but not far. Come, I show you."

They went to where the deer had been feeding. Charboneaux pointed to a red splotch on a rock, and then like a hound on the trail led Jed over the ridge beyond which they had seen the deer vanish. By what means Charboneaux managed to keep on the trail Jed did not discover, but soon they came upon the buck lying on the edge of a rock slide. Charboneaux cut the throat of the animal and once more led out on the climb to the summit of the ridge of Guadalupe.

"What are you going to do with the deer?"

"Weaver hear shot and come bring in. We not far; sound carry to camp."

"How will he find it?"

"He follow our trail."

Jed looked at the hard earth and rock formation of the mountain below them. If they had left any trail while crossing that country, he confessed he couldn't see it. Charboneaux laughed.

"Ever'thing that moves leaves trail. Some less, some more. Moccasins—" he pointed to his feet "—leave less than boots—" he pointed to Jed's footgear. "Don't take much. Just like pattern. Eyes see land; all is as it should be, yet in one spot small rock turned over or out of place or gramma grass bruised. All have sign, and one living in mountains learns to read—or he lose hair!"

Jed made up his mind that he would learn to read signs, and he kept his eyes open to see anything that Charboneaux would leave. It was discouraging, for the guide never left any signs that Jed could see. He asked about that, and got another lesson.

"Good hunter or warrior not leave much sign. One can leave very little trail if one choose. Indians in enemy land go for miles and not leave anything suspicious. Apaches have been watching us for past week, but we haven't seen them, have we? Ever' day their smokes have gone up on the peaks; ever' night their fires signal. They know how many we are; they know our direction."

Jed glanced apprehensively around.

"Can they see us? Do they know we are here?"

"Don't know; they might have scout out, but no seen sign this morning. But keep your eyes open, and don't top ridge until you know what's on other side."

"But we crossed this ridge without looking," observed Jed.

"The deer ran up wind. If Apache there, they not have gone there. The deer showed us 'safe' sign when they ran over ridge. That end of lesson for now, but do not forget."

He got to his feet and without further words led the way to the top of the mountain.

The view from Guadalupe was awe-inspiring. A vast tableland stretched away in all directions, broken by short spurs and ridges, cut and carved by the action of wind and storm into deep box canyons and gullies. Each storm-carved bastion was vividly colored with reds, whites, and lavenders. The morning sun gave the land the appearance of having been painted by a great artist who plied his brush with no order but with harmonious effect.

(*Continued on page* 110)



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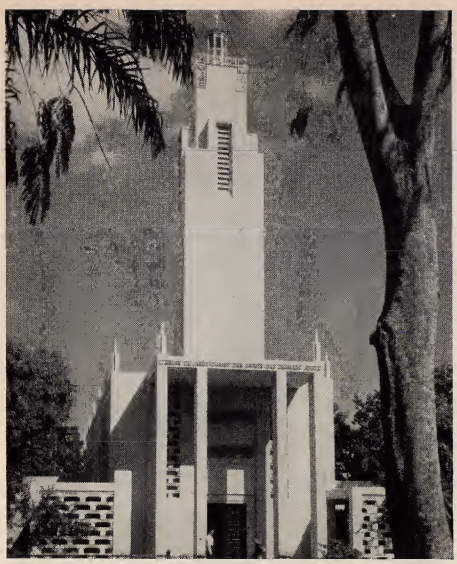
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Let Us Begin

A Renaissance in Reverence

by Wendell B. Hammond



The modernistically designed Church building at Papeete, capital of French Oceania, erected in 1948.

—*Photographed by Richard Harrington*

WHAT A challenge our Church has before it in the way of a proper reverence by our members while in Sunday School and sacrament meeting!

What a new birth or renaissance we can begin in this way after we appraise ourselves and our Sunday habits, and then glimpse the rewards we will receive as we move to accomplish the task.

It will not be easy, since the gulf, in many cases, is wide between what our habits are for proper reverence and what they should be.

We may excuse ourselves—and justly to a degree—that ours is still a young church—that where it established itself in the "wilds" of our western frontier, with its hardships in general, its early humble church buildings, such environment did not lend itself to the reverence that for so long had been a part of church services in the vast cathedrals and churches of England and the continent.

But that station has long been passed by us and our Church; the frontier is smoothed away. And we have learned, too, that no chapel is so small and meager but what it can command reverence as a house of the Lord. And, looking around, we see that now most of our Church buildings have ample size and dignity, and some even grandeur. And of course we take comfort in knowing that in many, by a happy combination of those attending and those in charge, a full degree of reverence is shown.

But what do other people say about our lack of reverence in so many of our meetings?

Many of our missionaries report that they almost dread the Sunday when, for the first time, they take an investigator to one of our services. Too often the "almost convert" has lost interest, sometimes completely, because there was not the reverence shown that he was so accustomed to in his own church.

And to this person reverence goes deeper than merely an outward show. Rather to him it is a deep and cultured inner grace that can be the only natural expression of one come to a holy place to partake of the sacrament and hear the word of God—of one come to a place to show in thought, in quietness and demeanor the full reverence to God which is due.

And while we do not need to equal, and perhaps should not, the strictness and formality which prevail in so many of the other churches, because a certain warmth and regard for one another while in sacrament meeting and Sunday School is admirable, we do know that we must review our habits as attenders there. And we must admit to certain faults before we can begin to change for the better.

The accompanying verse is suggested as a beginning point in this regard. If we, and especially the young, will memorize even a part of it, it will come to mind at the very moment when we are about to depart from a proper reverence when we are at a place where such is due.

It may take considerable time for us as a church to gain and hold a proper habit, an enriching custom in this way. But because reverence is so primary, so fundamental, and at the same time so rewarding, let us give it the place it deserves.

Again, what a challenge we have before us in the way of proper reverence! As a church it seems that there is ever a new challenge before us. And how we love to meet it!

MY REVERENCE

By Wendell B. Hammond

I HAVE COME to the house of the Lord;
I seek to hear and know his word.

A sacred influence I may feel
If my thoughts in reverence kneel.

Though his voice I cannot hear,
Yet I may draw his spirit near.

Wayward thoughts of every kind,
All these I turn from my mind.

As templed woods in silence pray,
So be my way while here this day;
Yes, be my way while here I stay.

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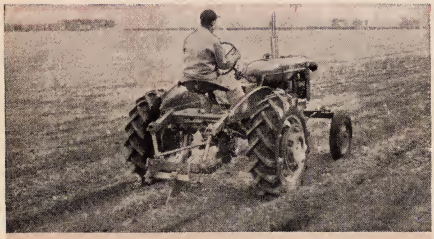
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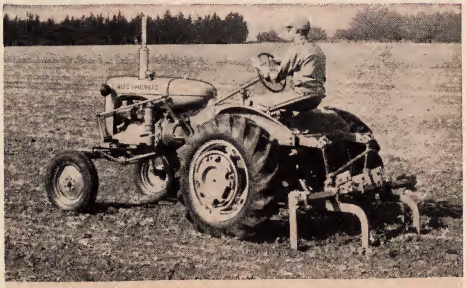
Curved-shank subsoiler going 18 inches deep.



Cutting and banking a ditch 64 inches wide, 25 inches deep.

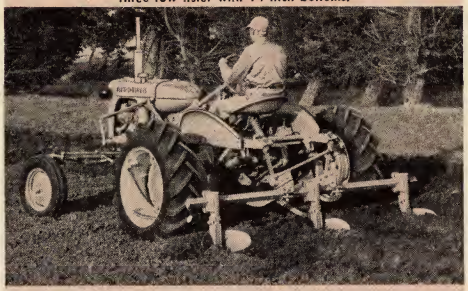
Coil-shank furrower with four 15-inch, high-wing furrowers.





Five-shank chisel penetrating to 9 inches.

Three-row lister with 14-inch bottoms.



Other mounted tools not shown: border ridger, bedding disc, coil-shank cultivator, spring-tooth harrow.

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ARCHAEOLOGY AND THE BOOK OF MORMON

(*Continued from page 84*)

in America at the time of the crucifixion of Jesus Christ or Quetzalcoatl; for example, the *Works of Ixtlilxochitl* speak of a terrible "destruction and desolation" which took place in ancient America, and then the significant statement appears: "This happened . . . *at the same time when Christ our Lord suffered.*" That statement is in complete agreement with the account given in the Book of Mormon. Ixtlilxochitl also wrote: ". . . *and it seems through the ancient histories and annals, the aforementioned happened some years after the incarnation of Christ our Lord.*" As part of the Book of Mormon's detailed account of the terriffc "destruction and desolation" which occurred on the Western Hemisphere, the Nephite historian placed the event at the time of the crucifixion of Jesus Christ.[20]

Another significant point is made by both Ixtlilxochitl and the Book of Mormon writers. Each account declares that Jesus was crucified during the early part of their year which perhaps would be in early April according to our calendar. Ixtlilxochitl states, "*And they say it happened during the first days of the year*"; and the Book of Mormon declared that the event occurred, according to their system of reckoning time, "*in the first month, [and] on the fourth day of the month.*"[21] (Italics supplied by author.)

The Nephites changed their point of reckoning time when the signs of the birth of Christ were fulfilled, as predicted by Samuel the Lamanite, reckoning it from that point forward.[22]

The parallels between these accounts are so remarkable that they indicate that the Indians of Mexico held in remembrance the Nephites' dating of events and the knowledge of what occurred down to the time of Ixtlilxochitl, which postdated the Spanish conquest. Therefore, the historical data relative to Christ's crucifixion and resurrection were recorded in the Book of Mormon at the time the events occurred, widely disseminated among the people, and then handed down from age to age among the Indian descendants of the Nephite-Lamanite peoples.

Not only did the ancient American prophets bear witness of Christ's crucifixion, but also prophet after prophet throughout the entire course of Nephite history testified of his resurrection and ascension; in fact, no book gives one a stronger assurance of these facts than does the Book of Mormon.[23] Alma predicted the "resurrection of Christ, and his ascension into heaven,"[24] declaring that thereafter he would appear to his descendants.[25] King Benjamin gave even a more detailed explanation of his resurrection, in which he predicted that ". . . he shall rise the third day from the dead; . . ."[26] Samuel, the Lamanite, also prophesied that following Jesus' death ". . . the space of three days" shall pass, and then "he shall rise again from the dead."[27]

Since these facts were widely disseminated among both Nephites and Lamanites, it was natural for them to be handed down through the ages in Indian traditions. Francis Hernandez's report of the natives of Chiapas shows how accurately this knowledge had been retained by these Indians to the time of the Spanish conquest. According to his report, the "Fair God" of Chiapas

> . . . remained dead three days, and the third day he came to life again and ascended into heaven, where he is now with the Father. Immediately after came Echuac, who is the Holy Ghost and who supplied the earth all that was needed.[28]

Dr. P. De Roo was of the opinion that "Our Lord's resurrection is plainly brought to mind by the [foregoing] statement of the venerable Chiapan chief. . . ."[29]

Following his resurrection and ascension, according to a beautiful account given in the Book of Mormon, Jesus Christ appeared to the inhabitants of ancient America and performed a mighty work. King Benjamin predicted these events as follows:

> . . . the Lord Omnipotent . . . shall come down from the heaven among the children of men, and shall dwell in a tabernacle of clay, and shall go forth amongst men, working mighty miracles, such as healing the sick, raising the dead, causing the lame to walk, the blind to receive their sight, and the deaf to hear, and curing all manner of diseases.[30]

After Christ had visited the Nephites and returned back into heaven, the historian summarized his benevolent works as follows:

> . . . after having healed all their sick, and their lame, and opened the eyes of their blind and unstopped the ears of the deaf, and even had done all manner of cures among them, and raised a man from the dead, and had shown forth his power unto them, . . . [Jesus] ascended unto the Father—[31]

Compare Paul Gaffarel's report of the folklore of the Indians of Brazil with the foregoing quotations from the Book of Mormon. He stated that the "Fair God" had

> . . . raised the dead to life again, made the lame walk and the blind to see.[32] Finally, having one day called together a great number of people, he ascended into the air and was transformed into the sun who enlightens this earth.[33]

According to the Nephites, after Jesus had accomplished his benevolent works he ". . . departed from them and ascended into heaven. And the disciples saw and did bear record that he ascended into heaven."[34] Mormon also wrote:

> Wherefore, my beloved brethren, have miracles ceased because Christ hath ascended into heaven, and hath sat down on the right hand of God, to claim of the father his rights?[35]

The legend of the Mixtec Indians of Mexico maintained that the "Fair God," Wixipecocha, ". . . first went off to the mountains on the summit of which he appeared to them for a few moments and then vanished. . . ."[36]

Before his final ascension, Jesus Christ informed the inhabitants of ancient America of his second coming. To quote: "And he expounded all things, even from the beginning until the *time that he shall come in his glory*—"[37] (Italics supplied by author.) The Master also declared:

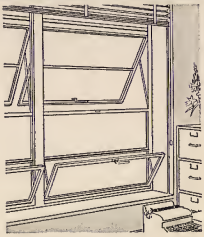
> And behold, this people will I establish in this land, unto the fulfilling of the covenant which I made with your father Jacob; and it shall be a new Jerusalem. And the powers of heaven shall be in the midst of

(*Continued on page 100*)

[20] 1 Nephi 19:8-13; Helaman 14:14, 20-24; 3 Nephi 8:1-6, 19-22.
[21] *Ibid.*, 8:5.
[22] Helaman 14:1-4; 3 Nephi 1:4-21; 8:1-5.
[23] 3 Nephi 6:20.
[24] Alma 40:20
[25] *Ibid.*, 16:20.
[26] Mosiah 3:10.
[27] Helaman 14:20.
[28] Francis Hernandez's letter to Las Casas, cited in De Roo, *op. cit.*, p. 373.
[29] *Idem*, p. 430.
[30] Mosiah 3:5-8.
[31] 3 Nephi 26:15.
[32] Mosiah 3:5-6; 3 Nephi 17:7-10; 4 Nephi 1:5.
[33] Paul Gaffaral, *Historie de la Decouverte de l' America* (Paris, 1892), p. 428, cited in De Roo, *op. cit.*, p. 427; 3 Nephi 11:10-11; Mosiah 16:9; Alma 38:9; D & C 88:5-13.
[34] 3 Nephi 18:39; 19:1; 26:15; Mosiah 15:9.
[35] Moroni 7:27.
[36] De Roo, *op. cit.*, p. 433.
[37] 3 Nephi 26:3.



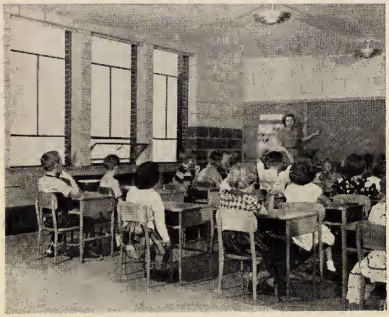
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(*Continued from page 98*)

this people; yea, even I will be in the midst of you.[38]

These predictions of his second coming and the promises that he would bless the people at that time were preserved also in the beliefs of the various Indian tribes; for example, Ixtlilxochitl reported Quetzalcoatl's prediction of his return to earth as follows:

And at the time he went about taking leave of these people, he told them that in time to come, in a year which he called *ce Acatl, he would return, and then his doctrine would be received, and his children would be masters and would possess the land. . . .*[39]

Regarding the second coming of Quetzalcoatl, William H. Prescott wrote:

. . . After presiding over the golden age of Anahuac, [Quetzalcoatl] disappeared as mysteriously as he had come, . . . As he promised to return at some future day, his reappearance was looked for with confidence by each succeeding generation.[40]

Prescott also wrote:

The Mexicans looked confidently to the return of the benevolent deity [Quetzalcoatl]; and this remarkable tradition, deeply cherished in their hearts, prepared the way . . . for the future success of the Spaniards.[41]

An archaeologist named A. Hyatt Verrill, speaking of the promise of Quetzalcoatl's second coming, wrote:

. . . before he disappeared [he] prophesied that long after his departure . . . eventually he would return and re-establish the Aztecs and their faith. . . . There are countless Mexicans today who are still expecting their Plumed Serpent God to reappear and they still superstitiously make offerings to him in the ancient temple of Quetzalcoatl.[42]

Dr. P. De Roo cites Father de Mercado, an early Catholic missionary, as claiming that he had obtained from the Totonac Indians who lived near Tampico, Mexico, the following legend:

Father de Mercado continues, telling what further discoveries he made in regard to the natives' dogmatic theology,—namely, that in some provinces of New Spain, as among the Totonacs, the people expected the advent of the Son of the great God into this world; and it was said he had to come in order to renew all things; meaning by this not a spiritual renovation, but an earthly material improvement, as they expressed it by saying that at his coming the loaves of bread would be much larger and everything else would grow better in like manner. With the intention of hastening the arrival of the Son of God, they celebrated a religious feast at a certain season of the year and sacrificed eighteen persons, men and women, whom they encouraged

(*Continued on page 102*)

[38] *Ibid.*, 20:22.
[39] *Works of Ixtlilxochitl*, cited in Hunter and Ferguson, *op. cit.*, pp. 214-215.
[40] Prescott, *op. cit.*, vol. 2, p. 388.
[41] *Ibid.*, vol. 1, p. 64.
[42] A. Hyatt Verrill, *America's Ancient Civilizations* (New York, 1953), p. 104.

The Daylight—and the Darkness

Richard L. Evans

IN THE BEGINNING . . ." it is written "the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters. And God said, Let there be light: and there was light. And God saw the light, that it was good: and God divided the light from the darkness. And God called the light Day, and the darkness he called Night."[1] It seems significant that the first recorded act of the Creator was to divide the light from the darkness. There are many phases of this thought that could be considered, but we should like to turn today to one sidelight of the subject: We shouldn't want to seem too old-fashioned because it hasn't seemed too long since we were young. But because men have found the mechanical means of lighting the night in a limited way, there appears to be an ever-growing tendency to recognize less and less the difference between night and day; perhaps especially among young people who seem to extend their activities to an ever yet later hour, and to go out to begin an evening's activity at about the hour when some of us were once expected to come in. But no matter how successfully men have lighted up limited areas of the earth, there is still a difference between day and night, and there are still safeguards that are essential to the safety and virtue and peace and protection of people. And there is still consideration due to parents who have an obligation to see that those for whom they are responsible are safely in, without having to wait and wonder at all hours. And there are still matters of health and safety to consider. A man cannot burn the candle at both ends without shortening the effective length of life. He cannot run both day and night and think to the best of his ability. And he cannot in the distortion of darkness make the safest decisions. The decisions of life should be looked at in the light. Of course there are some pursuits and some essential services that are required around the clock, and there are some who must turn the night to day to render such services. But despite all such exceptions, it is still true that the day is the safest time for decisions, for work, and for being about. And it is still true that deeds of darkness tend to be done in the dark. The Lord God "called the light Day, and the darkness he called Night," and there is still a distinguishing difference between the two.

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[1] Genesis 1:1-5.

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Archaeology and the Book of Mormon

(*Continued from page* 100)

to die with the thought that they were to be messengers of the country to the great God, sent to ask and beg him that he would deign to despatch them his Son, . . .[48]

Near the close of the Book of Mormon period the inhabitants of ancient America apostatized from the true religion of Jesus Christ, retaining, however, many of the truths in an adulterated form. One of the pagan practices which developed among their descendants, the Indians, was the making and worshiping of stone statues of the "White Bearded God." The Catholic padres who first visited Indian tribes in various countries in Meso-America reported that they saw a number of these stone representations of the "Fair God." Some of the statues were destroyed by the Catholic conquistadores; others, however, have survived to the present time.

On our recent trip to Guatemala, it was intensely interesting to me to be shown in the museum in Guatemala City a representation in jade of the "White Bearded God." (See photo.) The director of the museum stated that as near as could be ascertained this jade figurine would date during the early Christian period.

Two or three days after visiting the museum in Guatemala City, our touring party visited Chichicastenango. There in a small museum we were shown a stone statue of the "Fair God," a rather grotesque representation however. (See photo.) The Quiché Maya Indians at Chichicastenango paid unusual reverence to it.

Also, photographs of one jade head and one stone statue of Quetzalcoatl from the valley of Mexico and one stone statue from Oaxaca are reproduced in this article making five representations of the "White Bearded God" which have survived in Mexico and Central America to our day, and there may be others which have not come to the writer's attention.

Although these representations are somewhat crude, depicting a degenerated conception of the Savior, yet they are important, tangible evidence, showing that the Indians did have deep-rooted traditions of the "White Bearded God" long before Columbus discovered America. Thus

[48]De Roo, *op. cit.*, pp. 425-426.

scholars are confronted with the problem of the identity of the "Fair God."

As a result of a careful study of the *Works of Ixtlilxochitl* and other Indian writings, the perusal of Indian traditions gathered by Catholic padres, and an acquaintance with the contents of the Book of Mormon, the writer concludes that all of these sources bear witness to the fact that Jesus is the Messiah, who with his Father, is the God—the Creater and Controller of the universe, and that following his resurrection he visited the inhabitants of ancient America—the ancestors of the Indians—and performed marvelous works among them before his final ascension into heaven. Also, the writer concludes that Quetzalcoatl and Jesus Christ are the same individual. Furthermore, archaeological findings, as well as Indian traditions—whether reported by native writers or collected by colonial chroniclers—corroborate the claims made by the Nephite historians; therefore, these traditions and archaeological finds bear witness to the truthfulness of the Book of Mormon and hence to its divine authenticity.

(To be continued)

Give and Take

(Continued from page 86)

won't be happy, and if they're not happy they won't grow up whole. Sure, there is a good opportunity here, but I can probably find something at the college there. I got to thinking today that maybe this job here looked so good to me because I wanted to come back to the Midwest. My childhood was not like yours. When I got back from the Army and took my savings and went on a mission, it was the first real happiness I had known. My mission was here. Here is where I had been really happy."

Pearl went over to the couch and sat close beside him. She was deeply moved at the confession he had just made and didn't know what to say next. Finally she touched the crystal beads she wore and told him what her grandmother had said when she gave them to her.

"Maybe we've both been wanting too much of our past in our marriage," she said. "You really found yourself here, and I haven't done that yet. You were right when you said I was childish. I may as well grow up here as any place. I'll have to

(Concluded on following page)

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GIVE AND TAKE

(*Concluded from preceding page*)

do it away from my family so I can't lean. I'll have to learn how to make our life."

"I've been selfish, too," Joe said. "I know how you have missed your family and missed having friends. I can make a bigger effort to let you have the car on the days you need it for Church activities and to get home early enough to go to Mutual. Church is the best place to make friends."

Pearl said, "Next time we disagree I'll say four words, 'Let's give and take.'"

"That's our lucky phrase," Joe said his arms tight around her.

Decisions in the Light

Richard L. Evans

WE SHOULD LIKE to look once more at the uses of daylight and darkness, with something more to say concerning the darkness of discouragement. As to the distortions of darkness—many things are imagined. Troubles are magnified, and symptoms also, and worries become more weighty in the hours of the night. And decisions made in darkness may also be distorted (and decisions also in sorrow). Sometimes people feel pressed and persuaded to make far-reaching decisions without taking time for proper perspective—people in sorrow, people who have lost their loved ones, people who are discouraged and despondent, people who are facing acute crises. They may decide, for example, to sell, to quit, to move elsewhere, to change the pattern of their lives, to give up various interests or activities. Sometimes they are hurt, confused, tense, stunned for the moment, and are not best able under such circumstances to make the safest decisions. But with time and reflection, the first sharpness of sorrow somewhat subsides. With time and reflection calm reason returns; perspective comes into fuller focus—to give a safer sense of values. In short, decisions made at more leisure, and in the light, and with the clouds a bit cleared, tend to be safer decisions. There is another kind of hasty decision that should be shunned: decisions in anger, in the heat of resentment, decisions prompted not by reason or fact, but by hot emotion. We should never let heat rule our heads and issue unreasonable ultimatums, that we are likely long to regret. Time is a great healer. Patience is a great factor of safety. Perspective is a great revealer of true shapes and values, and in the discouragement of darkness, or in the heat of anger, or in the acuteness of sorrow, it is seldom safe to make far-reaching decisions. Let time give its perspective; let time try its healing process; let time soften the sorrow and appraise the values and suggest the course. Let time take time to tell whether or not the feelings of the moment would be the same feelings that would move us in a month or in six months. Let time defer the decisions of darkness and discouragement until we can look at things in the light—for the clearness of daylight and the calmer consideration that follows the first sharpness of sorrow is a safer time for decisions.

"The Spoken Word" FROM TEMPLE SQUARE
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—*Photographed by Harold M. Lambert*

SMILE!

by Valerie St. John

ONE OF the most contagious diseases is measles, but did you ever consider that good things can be contagious, too? Wear a smile, and you will find few people who can resist it. Unlike measles, however, the oftener you catch it, the more susceptible you become.

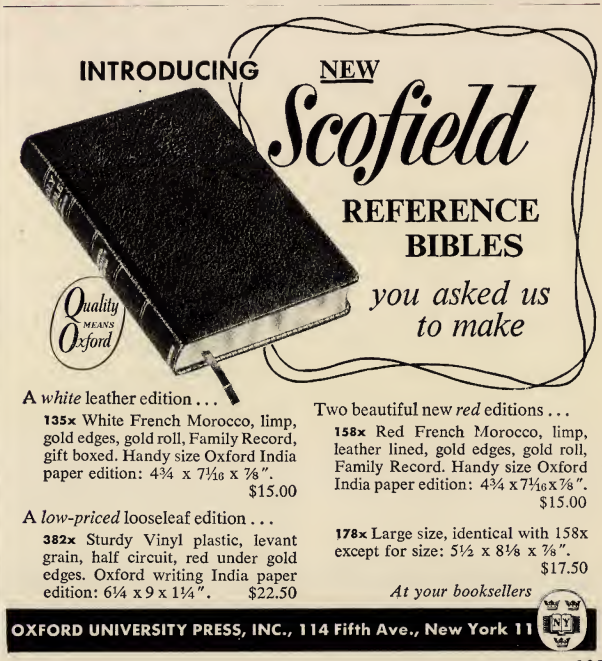
Everyone has heard that you use fewer muscles to smile than to frown, but is that the reason why we should smile? There is no doubt that a person accustomed to smiling has a pleasanter face than an habitual frowner. Permanent frown lines are disfiguring, but smile lines are an asset and are considered becoming.

A smile will help you to be more polite to those with whom you come in contact. Could you smile at someone waiting for a bus and then rudely push your way in front of him? It is improbable, because you automatically feel friendly towards someone at whom you have smiled. Next time you are in a hurry because you feel it is necessary to be in two places at once, try smiling at people. You will have to slow your pace and relax your tense muscles, and you will feel much happier; your sense of urgency will recede, and you will be less likely to worry.

Maybe people will think you are crazy, but that's better than proving yourself grouchy, selfish, and unfriendly—don't you think?

A smile challenges the other person to smile back. Resolve to challenge everyone you meet, and the world will be a brighter place for you as you help to make it bright for others.





(*Continued from page* 89)

great individual genius or the spontaneous expression of *Volksgeist*. In that belief many naive souls in the past have undertaken to compose genuine epic poems of their own—with alarming results."

"But what was the scientific view?"

"Until recently it was the universal consensus of the experts that epic poetry had its origin in nature myths, and that the heroes were really faded sun-gods. Some die-hards still believe it."

"But what about Bishop Percy and other eighteenth-century scholars?"

"In every case they were students of national literatures pure and simple. Even Robert Wood's comparisons were meant to cast light on Homer only—mere footnotes to the text. The world view, which is the very essence of the epic milieu had to wait until our own day."

"Let's get back on the track. What comes next?"

"That heroic societies are held together entirely by oaths. The oath is the one social tie from top to bottom, and so the whole heroic world is a constant ferment of secret oaths and combinations. The oaths are strictly personal affairs between individuals, and need I say that the violation of an oath was considered the one unforgivable crime? (Pp. 77, 88.) In this rough society 'the cardinal virtues are courage, loyalty, and generosity.' (P. 74.) The courage is strictly physical—bravery in the field; the 'loyalty is purely personal.' Chadwick says, 'It involves the duty of vengeance, as well as protection.' (P. 74.) As to generosity, it is always a matter of policy—the generosity of a chief to his followers, a princely bribe, with the admitted intent of buying and binding supporters by gifts."

"Ether all over again," said the professor.

"We were going to keep Ether out of this for the present," his friend replied, "but anyway it is further significant that all this generosity is paid for by systematic plunder and organized raids. Chadwick says:

> Plunder is a necessity for the hero who wishes to maintain an active force of armed followers . . . plundering raids appear to be a characteristic feature of the heroic age everywhere—indeed, we may say, an essential feature. The booty derived therefrom enabled active and ambitious princes to attract to themselves and to maintain large bodies of followers, without which they were at the mercy of their neighbors. (P. 85.)

"If I do say it myself, that reads like an excerpt from *The World of the Jaredites*. Chadwick even mentions that the normal trophies of heroic enterprise 'consist usually of the accoutrements or heads of foes . . . valued as evidence of . . . prowess.' (Pp. 94 f. 92 f.) This is not true of heroic ages everywhere, but it holds in a surprising number of cases—especially with the northern Europeans and Asiatics. The most coveted forms of wealth among these people—objects lovingly and lengthily described in almost all epic poems—are weapons, horses, wagons, jewels, woven stuff, and damsels, the latter usually bought with so and so many head of cattle. It is all portable wealth—the stuff normally prized and cultivated by nomads. (Pp. 404 ff.) And, as you recall from the opening lines of *Beowulf*, the epic people are always heaping up and dispensing wealth: the economy of plunder requires a brisk turnover."

"But you said these people are only reluctant and temporary nomads."

"Yes, in every case they dream of settling down as soon as they can. But even after they have grabbed themselves lands and pinned them down with castles and strong places, they continue a semi-nomadic existence—a merry round of feudal wars and 'abominations.' "

"Just what do you mean by that?"

"The period of migrations is followed immediately by what Chadwick calls the saga time. It is a jockeying for power among the great houses. The great house is the center of everything. Who came right after the epic and elegiac poets when you were reading Greek?"

"The tragedies, of course."

"And you will recall that Aristotle says the tragedies deal with the doings of the great houses because they are 'naturally tragic.' They certainly were a mess: sordid struggles for power, maniacal hatreds, bestial murders—and all within the household. 'The history of the family,' writes Chadwick of a typical cycle of horrors, 'is indeed little more than a catalogue of the crimes committed by one member against another.' (P. 184.) Everything is on a personal level, and invariably the antagonists are relatives, with women taking a leading part in the dirty work. (Pp. 90-91.) To make it even more like Ether's world after the migration, abominations abound: 'Stories of incest and malicious serving up to a guest at a banquet of his own children occur with surprising frequency. (P. 185.) This sort of thing leads in turn to plots and alliances that culminate in wars of extermination, in which not only whole houses but also entire nations are wiped out. All that is left behind is the strange and tragic figure of 'the lone survivor.' " (P. 106.)

"That's one I never heard of," said Professor F.

"And yet he occurs with surprising frequency in the epic world."

"You can tell me about him later." The professor surveyed his watch. "I suppose we could go on all night getting things out of Mr. Chadwick."

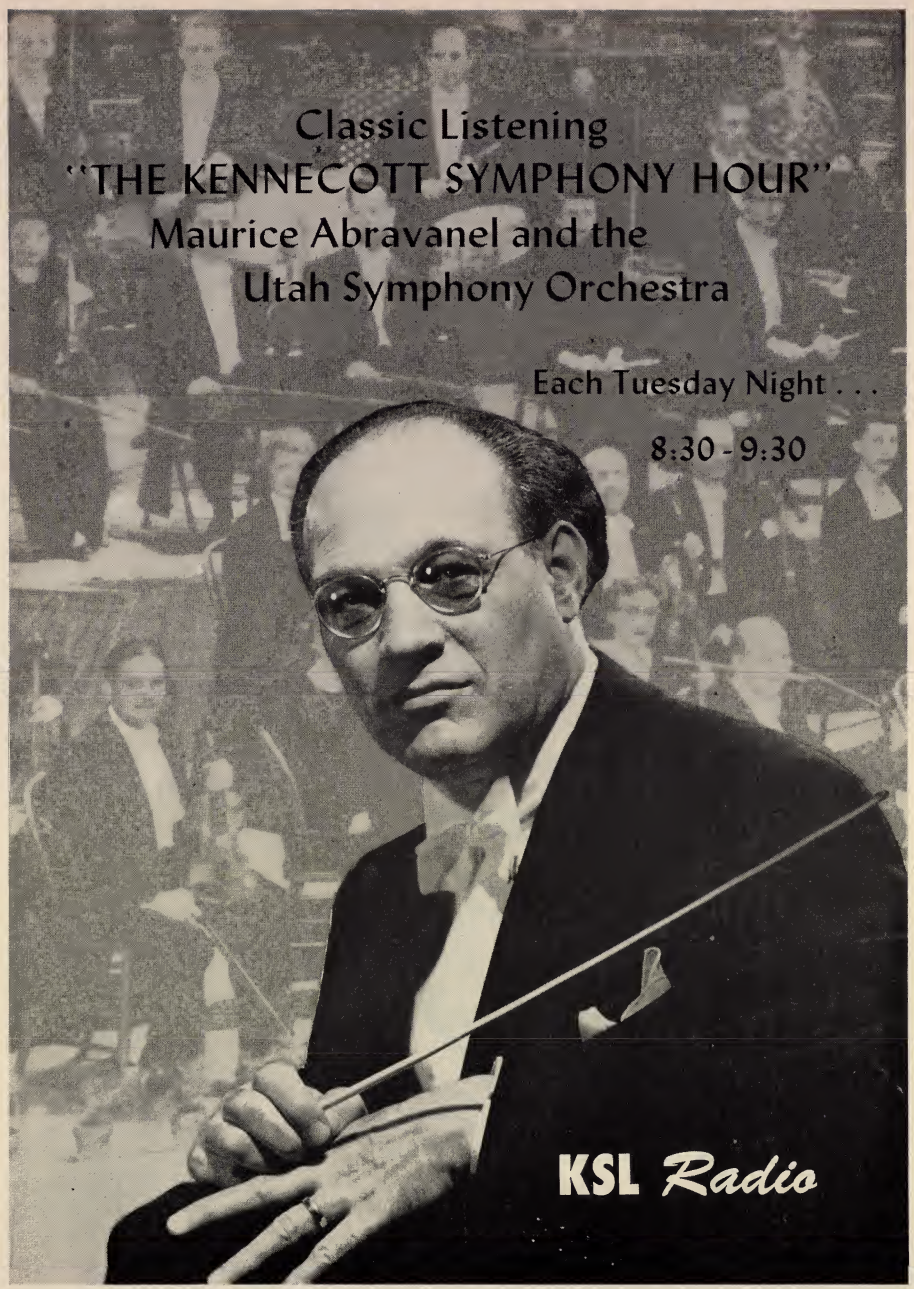
"We could indeed. But before we break it up, let me point out just a few more things. There is the overwhelming predominance of cattle in every heroic picture; there is the prominence of feasting and drinking—and they always eat and drink the same heroic fare: bread, beer, and beef. They feast each other at great exchange banquets, that lead to some famous quarrels.

"Of course, a subject peasant population is always found in the background. And in the center of every epic looms some mighty and fabulous fortified place, a combination castle, fort, and city like Camelot or Troy. In keeping with the chivalrous pattern we find everywhere the overpowering influence of some great lady, to whom all owe ultimate allegiance; indeed as Chadwick notes, an older substratum of matriarchy is often apparent. Some authorities insist today that the concept of romantic marriage is found *only* in the epic milieu—completely out of place in other societies. The epic people habitually live in tents, yet they are always building mighty cities as well as sacking them: that paradox can be easily explained. . . ."

"But not now," the professor pleaded hastily.

"Since these people are migrants to begin with," Blank began stuffing things back into his briefcase, "everybody rides on chariots and wagons in the early epics, the heroes on horse-

(*Continued on page* 108)


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There Were Jaredites

(*Continued from page* 106)

back in the later ones. Well, so it goes. We have an unmistakable pattern: I think there is no more chance of confusing the epic milieu with anything else than there is of confusing a Sioux warrior with a European peasant."

"Oh, I begin to see where you are going," the professor conceded, rising, "but it's my opinion that you still have a long way to go."

"I'll admit we have got in deeper than I thought we would. But now that you have led me on so far, don't you think we should see this thing through?"

"Not tonight," said Professor F. with a touch of panic—there was no telling what Blank would do once he got started.

"Certainly not. In fact, with the limited resources we have here we could not go much farther anyway. How about getting together next Tuesday night in Dr. Schwulst's office?"

"Why there?"

"Because I think he can give us some help, aside from having the only Egyptian collection between here and Puffer Lake."

"That stuff is over my head. . . ."

"Which is exactly why we are going to surprise Dr. Schwulst next Tuesday. He works late, you know. He'll be delighted—pathetically eager to oblige anyone who's interested."

"You are a menace to society," said Professor F. at the door, "but Tuesday it is. Eight o'clock at 315 Gohira Hall."

(*To be continued*)

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YOUNG FARMER WITH FIRST LAND

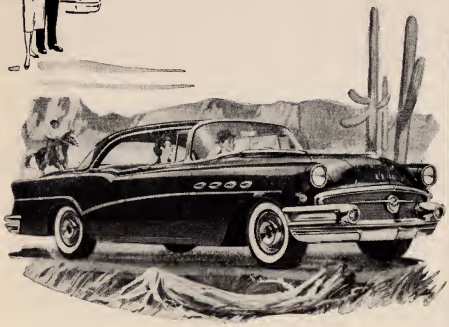
By Anobel Armour

He doesn't seem now to walk at all
Being a farmer-young and pine-tree tall,
But rather lifts up his Hermes-heels
With ease that the new-winged always feels
As he measures off his land with pride
And sees much more in the countryside
Than possible to ten acres girth—
But then this man has just bought the earth!

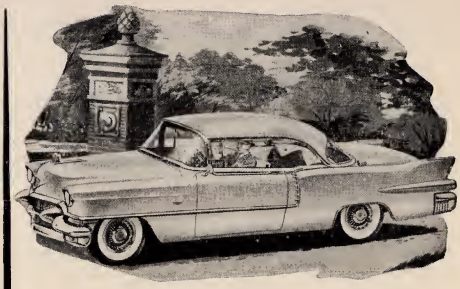


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HIGH ADVENTURE

(*Continued from page* 94)

Almost at their feet was the camp of the Battalion, with the dry bed of Las Plagas stretching over the horizon to the south. Away off to the west a heavy ridge bored the way.

"How far away do you say it is?" questioned Charboneaux.

"About thirty miles," hazarded Jed.

"It more than one hundred miles to ridge where San Pedro River and Gila come together. That's place we left General Kearny to come back and guide you. General Kearny told Cooke to bring the wagons through that way, but it is impossible. We shall have to find a way for wagons this way." He pointed to the west. The prospect was not inviting. He could not see how anyone could find a path in that jumbled country.

"It is water we must find," laughed Charboneaux. "The country is always there; the north always there," he pointed, "the west always there, but water, it never anywhere. The San Bernardino Rancho, it lives off there somewhere; we have to find Apache to guide us to it, or Mexican trader, if he come back. Then San Pedro take us to the Pima Village on Gila River."

The afternoon was wearing on when they began to descend. The upper portion of the mountain was a jungle of great rocks thrown together in massive confusion but solid to walk on. It was as if the Creator had started to construct a gigantic staircase to heaven and had tired and scattered the blocks. Here and there three or four giant boulders were heaved together in such a way as to make a cave underneath, while occasionally an outcropping rock would leave a cliff forty or fifty feet high to be skirted. One could easily have turned an ankle or broken a leg by being careless in the descent. In the lower portion of this confusion of rocks they came upon a cavern-like mass.

Standing above it they tossed rocks into its interior until, nothing coming out, they assumed it to be empty. Charboneaux crawled into the entrance between two big boulders and explored the hole. Jed crawled in after him.

"Grizzly bear not at home," whispered Charboneaux. "Let's not be here when she come." And with that they scrambled out. They were barely in time. Clambering up over the rocks heading straight for the den was a large bear, followed by two half-grown cubs. She was immense, and almost white, her hair hanging long and grimy.

"Hurry," yelled Charboneaux, "up on rock above." They clambered to a large boulder which jutted out over the den. The old bear caught their scent and rose up on her hind legs higher and higher until she stood nearly seven feet tall. Then the silence was broken by the heavy report of Charboneaux's gun as he aimed at the white patch between the giant bear's front legs. A mighty roar escaped from the beast as she clawed and bit at the spot, then she turned and charged straight for them. "Shoot for her mouth," yelled Charboneaux as he hurriedly reloaded. Jed shot, but the bear kept on coming. She came on with the speed of a galloping horse. Charboneaux struck the butt of his gun on the rock to settle the charge and rammed home the patch, barely in time too, for as he aimed a second time the great bear, with blood streaming from her mouth, pulled herself up over the edge of the rock. Charboneaux emptied his gun into her raging mouth, not six feet away, dropped the gun and drew his knife. There was no chance to run. The bear made one last effort to pull herself up over the boulder; then strength left her, and she tumbled back in front of her den in a great heap. The cubs, growling and squealing, disappeared over the boulders toward the top of the mountain. Charboneaux sheathed his knife and reloaded his musket.

"That was what you would call in English a close shave," he grinned. Jed grinned back. He felt the color come back in his face, and he suddenly felt weak.

Charboneaux tossed a rock on to the great hulk. There was no movement. He tried a larger one.

"It has been known to happen that bear come to life and kill hunter," he said briefly. After waiting half an hour he slowly approached the carcass, the gun ready. But his second shot had done its work. They stretched the bear out as well as they could. "She weigh one thousand pounds," guessed Charboneaux. "Not a bad day's hunting," he laughed. "One deer, one fat bear! Meat's meat—your friends will eat tonight."

(*To be continued*)

SOLOMON MACK AND HIS FAMILY

(*Continued from page* 91)

"Joseph's wife's brother." On August 13th they returned to Tunbridge, where they were guests of Daniel Mack. Lucy quotes as follows from the journal of John Smith:

> We traveled through New Hampshire, and on our way visited Daniel Mack, who was Joseph's brother-in-law. He treated us very kindly, but was unwilling to hear the gospel. We traveled thence up the Connecticut river to Grafton.[79]

Daniel does not appear in the census returns of Tunbridge or Royalton for the years 1830 or 1840. He was dead by 1841, when his nephew, Samuel H. Smith, was baptized for him in Nauvoo.[80] Another nephew, Orlando Mack, son of Solomon, Jr., preserved a concise "Record of Grandfather Mack's Family," containing these statements:

> Solomon Mack, the first, died in Gilsum, N.H. Aug. 23d, 1820.
> Lydia, our Grandmother, died in Tunbridge, Vermont.
> Their children are as follows:
> Jason Mack. Died in Maine.
> Stephen Mack. Died in Pontiac, Mich.
> Daniel Mack. Died in Tunbridge, Vt.
> Solomon Mack. Died in Gilsum, N.H.
> Lydia Mack, wife of Samuel Bill, died in Gilsum, N.H.
> Lucy, who married Joseph Smith. She was the mother of Joseph Smith the Mormon Prophet.
> Lovisa and another sister were buried in Gilsum, N. H.[81]

No record has yet been found of any children of Daniel Gates Mack and his wife Sally Ball.

(*To be continued*)

[79] *History of Joseph Smith by his Mother*, Lucy Smith, pp. 244-245. *Journal of Patriarch John Smith*, August, 1836.

[80] Nauvoo Baptisms, Book A, p. 107.

[81] Rev. T. E. Spilman: *Semi-Centenarians of Butler Grove Township*, Montgomery Co., Ill., p. 77.



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Melchizedek Priesthood Rolls and Records

ROLL AND RECORD BOOK FOR MELCHIZEDEK PRIESTHOOD GROUPS, UNITS, AND QUORUMS

a. *Roll and Record Book*

A book is provided by the General Priesthood Committee of the Church, called *B-2 Quorum Roll, Record and Report Book,* for the use of Melchizedek Priesthood groups, units, and quorums throughout the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Copies of this book are sent to each stake president in the Church for distribution to the various Melchizedek Priesthood groups, units, or quorums in his stake.

This book is of sufficient size to hold two hundred names, which adequately provides for the largest elders and seventies quorums in the Church and for most of the high priests quorums. However, in case a high priests quorum is exceedingly large, thereby making the roll book inadequate, the quorum secretary is provided with *B-1 Quorum Roll, Record and Report Book,* which contains space for four hundred names. If, however, a quorum is using the smaller record book and before the year ends its enrolment should increase and thereby exceed two hundred, the secretary could secure a second copy of the "B-2" roll book in which to complete the year's record. If he should secure the larger book ("B-1") at that time, it would entail much work in copying the names and records from "B-2" to "B-1." If a Melchizedek Priesthood quorum is using "B-2" roll and record book and should before the end of the year have only a few members over the two hundred in the quorum, the secretary could easily make up a few pages similar to the ones in the roll book and attach them to it. That would save the expense of using only a small space in another copy of "B-2" roll and record book and then wasting the remainder of it.

b. *Responsibilities of Secretaries*

It is the responsibility of all secretaries of Melchizedek Priesthood quorums, units, and groups, after receiving their copies of the roll and record book from their stake presidencies, to keep an accurate record of the church participation of each Melchizedek Priesthood holder. By this it is meant that the secretaries, regardless of where they live and serve, should accurately record as pertaining to each member of a priesthood group, unit, or quorum, all the items regarding his church activities, including his attendance at the weekly priesthood meetings, which are asked for in the roll and record book.

c. *Attendance at Weekly Priesthood Quorum, Unit, or Group Meeting or Other Church Assignments at the Same Hour*

The first item in the roll book is: "Attendance at weekly priesthood quorum or group meeting or other church assignment at that hour." This means that the quorum members should be in the class room in attendance at the priesthood meeting or they should be actually fulfilling a definite church assignment, such as: working with Aaronic Priesthood members; serving on a high council assignment elsewhere in the stake; as a member of a stake presidency, visiting a priesthood group other than the one in his ward; or fulfilling other similar church assignments at that hour. It does not mean that they could spend the priesthood meeting time making preparations for a church assignment for a later hour and be given credit for "other church assignment at that hour."

The General Priesthood Committee strongly urge quorum secretaries to keep an accurate record each week of the attendance of all quorum members at their Melchizedek Priesthood quorum, unit, or group meetings, in order that a true picture of the activities of each quorum member may be preserved. This can be done if quorum secretaries are always in attendance at these meetings and have their roll and record book with them.

d. *Quorum Members Living Away from Home*

There are three columns also in the roll book in which a record is kept of those away from home. One column designates "full-time missionaries"; another "military service"; and the third one "living away from home." The latter of these three columns means that the individuals concerned are away to school, away to work, or away from home for any reason and therefore are not available for activity in their own quorums. This record should be kept accurately, also, in order that quorum presidencies may know at all times where all quorum members are. Thus the quorum secretaries provide quorum presidencies with the necessary information for them to maintain a continuous contact with quorum members who are living away from home. As is known by Melchizedek Priesthood quorum presidencies, since they have already received such instructions, it is the responsibility of quorum presidencies and those who assist them to keep in constant contact with all their quorum members who are away from home. This is to be done by writing them letters; by assigning quorum members to write to them; by keeping absentee members informed on all quorum activities, projects and accomplishments; by inviting them to participate in quorum projects whenever it is feasible even though they be away from home; and by encouraging them to keep the commandments and thereby honor the priesthood which they hold.

Some quorum presidencies and secretaries have been inclined to deduct from the regular enrolment those who are away from home in order that the attendance percentages might appear higher on the reports sent to church headquarters. That is not in keeping with quorum presidencies responsibility of taking care of all the quorum members. Merely because quorum members, as a result of circumstances beyond their control, are forced to live away from home, this fact does not in any degree relieve quorum presidencies from their responsibility of taking care of those quorum members.

e. *Attendance at Sacrament Meeting*

It is suggested that presidencies of Melchizedek Priesthood quorums devise convenient and efficient methods whereby their secretaries can check on the attendance of all the quorum members at sacrament meeting week after week. This is not difficult where the quorums, units, or groups are small and where those assigned to the responsibility of checking the sacrament meeting attendance know each of the members personally. Regardless of the difficulties involved, however, it is suggested that solutions be worked out to this problem in each of the individual quorums, units, and groups throughout the Church in order that an accurate record might be kept, and also in order that quorum presidencies may know which men under their jurisdiction need increased encouragement to be faithful in abiding by God's commandment of attending sacrament meetings.[1]

f. *Attendance at Monthly Priesthood Meetings*

Each quorum secretary should possess a copy of the roll and record book. In it he should keep an accurate record of the attendance of each of the quorum members at the monthly Melchizedek Priesthood quorum meeting. When all the quorum members live in one ward, as is the case with many of the elders quorums, and some of the seventies quorums, one Sunday each month at the regular priesthood hour is designated as the monthly quorum meeting. The attendance of quorum members on that particular Sunday should be recorded carefully in order that that item of the report would be accurate.

In quorums where the members reside in two or more wards, the quorum members being divided into groups, a definite time is selected for all the quorum members of the various groups to assemble once each month in a quorum meeting. Under those circumstances, the group secretaries have copies of the roll book in which they keep the attendance record of the weekly priesthood group meetings and the quorum secretary has a similar roll and record book in which he records the attendance at the monthly quorum meeting. These records should be used advantageously by quorum presidencies for the spiritual advancement of quorum members, as well as supplying data for the reports which are sent to church headquarters.

g. *Filled One or More Church Assignment*

It is suggested that unit or quorum secretaries, under the direction of the unit leaders or quorum presidencies, devise methods whereby they can check quickly but accurately all members of the quorum who have filled one or more church assignment during the week. Credit should be given in the proper place in the roll book for that achievement. This would make the material available for the monthly reports which are sent to Church headquarters and also for the quarterly reports. In addition, quorum presidencies would be kept informed on the activities of each quorum member and thereby be in a position to render their influence where most needed.

h. *Serving in an Office*

The next item on the report is to maintain a record of each quorum member of his assignments as an officer, adviser, or teacher in the stake, ward, priesthood, or auxiliary capacities, or his appointment as a stake missionary. This material is easily obtained from each individual in the quorum; and a careful record should be kept week by week while he serves in his assigned capacities, as well as when he receives his releases. Certainly members of quorum presidencies will know when each individual under their direction receives his release from his particular special assignment or assignments, and accurate records should be made accordingly.

i. *Minutes*

It is suggested that the secretaries of all Melchizedek Priesthood quorums, units, and groups record the minutes of each meeting on the space provided in the roll and record book. In the minutes, the names of all the officers in attendance should be listed; and if there are any absent ones, reasons should be given for their absence. The minutes should state who conducted the meeting. They should list the assignments and appointments made. Also, all matters of particular interest, business transacted, problems considered, decisions made, lesson materials studied, or anything else of particular importance which transpired at the meeting, should be recorded. Such vital happenings are to be properly recorded and carefully preserved for any legitimate future use.

j. *Appreciation*

The General Priesthood Committee expresses deep appreciation to all Melchizedek Priesthood secretaries throughout the Church and encourages them to continue their good works, faithfully dedicating their best efforts to their Church assignment.

[1] D & C 59:9-19.

AT THE DEDICATION OF THE DAVID O. McKAY BUILDING AT BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

By S. Dilworth Young

STUDENTS!
Look upon the silver locks
Of him who sits here,
Upheld as
Prophet!
Seer!
Revelator!

Degrees and honors
Become him;
Buildings bear his name.
What brings such honor?

Somehow
He ennobled
Each small act,
Seeing in
Every man
Divinity.
Thus he devoted years.
He wanted to
Serve God.
He willed to stand
True.
Because he willed,
God used that will
To His great purposes.

Ward Teachers Should Teach Impartially

It is the responsibility of ward teachers to teach the gospel impartially with all members receiving equal consideration. Their conduct or their reputation as it is known, or as it is told by others, should not prejudice the thinking of ward teachers. While we should have great admiration for members who are active in the Church, we should have as great love and concern for those who are remiss. Jesus described the good shepherd as the one willing to leave the ninety and nine to go in search of the one lost in the thicket.

Sometimes we are inclined to pass judgment on those we know, placing them in one of three categories: Those we like; those we dislike; and those in whom we have little or no interest. Perhaps too frequently this same procedure is repeated when meeting new members. As ward teachers, we should not judge members at all.

The Apostle Paul warned of the consequences of judging others in these words,

> . . . wherein thou judgest another, thou condemnest thyself. . . . (Romans 2:1.)

No conscientious ward teacher should usurp authority that is not his. In this regard Samuel Johnson spoke words of wisdom when he said,

> God himself, sir, does not propose to judge a man until the end of his days.

This is the attitude every ward teacher should have. We should think positively, not considering a member as he may be today, but envisioning what he may become tomorrow.

Building character of the soul parallels new construction—there are times during the process when both seem unattractive, but the finished product is an object of beauty. Always in the mind's eye of the architect, there is the pleasing picture of the completed building. Likewise, there should be in the minds of ward teachers the highest concept of what each member could be at his best, and it should be their ambition to assist him to achieve the maximum from his latent possibilities.

It is a thrilling experience for ward teachers to witness repentance in action. The transformation that comes as a result of repentance adds beauty to the soul. Through this great gift one of God's stupendous miracles is wrought.

Study Guide for Ward Teachers

February 1956

Reverence in the Home

In every Latter-day Saint home, the father should preside as the priest in his own home. If he has lived for it, he bears the Melchizedek Priesthood which entitles him to share in all the blessings and promises of the gospel, including those of the House of the Lord, and ultimately those of the celestial kingdom, for therein he lays the foundation of his own kingdom which is designed to be projected into the eternities to come. (See D & C 76:54-57.)

In entrusting his servants with such great endowment, the Lord made known how important would be the proper exercise of this priesthood and power lest it be taken away. (See *ibid.*, 121:37.)

Paul tells us that the man is the head of the woman as Christ is the head of the Church, and he giveth himself for the Church. When a man stands at the head of his wife and children, as Christ stands at the head of his Church, and in the same spirit giveth himself for them, he has the right to be loved and respected by them. A man chooses his wife to be a helpmeet to him, and in our holy Church marriage in the temples of the Lord, a woman agrees to obey her husband as he obeys the Lord, and beyond this sacred relationship, no man has the right to expect obedience from his wife and children. President Brigham Young taught that no woman was under obligation to follow her husband to hell.

When the man is worthy of his high calling as the priest in his own home, he deserves the love and respect of his wife, and she in turn should teach the children so to love and respect him. His worthiness will be evidenced by the fact that he does honor and obey the Lord. He gathers his family around him in family prayers. He honors his priesthood and performs faithfully his assignments therein. He attends his meetings. He observes the Sabbath day and keeps it holy. He is honest in all his dealings with his fellow men. He does not take the name of the Lord, his God, in vain. He observes the Word of Wisdom and is honest in the payment of his tithes and offerings. He is true to his wife and children in all things, and he presides over them in the spirit of love and kindness.

One writer has said:

> Happy are the families where the government of parents is the reign of affection, and obedience of the children the submission of love.

When a home is so governed and controlled, its projection into the eternal worlds with the association of wife and children and their families is man's greatest conception of a heaven that is worth striving for.

When a man so lives and presides in his home, his children will come to him for blessings in time of sickness or for special occasions, and they will be proud to say, "He is my father." What greater success could a man ask for?

INTRODUCTION OF STUDY GUIDE FOR MARCH 1956

Fundamentals of the Welfare Plan

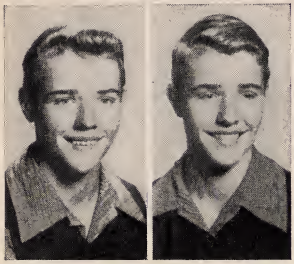
No government or political party can guarantee temporal security indefinitely. The Lord has a plan that assures security. It includes the following: the payment of tithes, proper observance of the law of the fast, each member to provide for his own, maintain activity in the Church, and follow the leadership of those in authority.

Reference: (D & C 104:15-18.)

Bishopric's Page

Prepared by Lee A. Palmer

CHALLENGING RECORDS



Merlin Yancey Marvin Yancey

Merlin and Marvin, twin brothers, were ordained deacons in 1951 and have a perfect attendance at priesthood and sacrament from that time. They are now priests and reside in the Riverton Ward, South Blackfoot (Idaho) Stake.

The Price of One Cigaret

A BISHOP called in the office to pick up some individual award application blanks. He was delighted that his ward would qualify for the ward Aaronic Priesthood award for 1955. The ward would have qualified last year, too, except for "one cigaret."

Two young men, brothers, were among the last to be interviewed by the bishopric concerning tithing and observance of the Word of Wisdom before applying for individual awards. They had paid a full tithing, but, as each was asked, in private, "Have you kept the Word of Wisdom throughout the year?" His head dropped and a look of regret came into his face as he replied, "No! I smoked one cigaret, just to try it. I am so embarrassed!"

The bishop was amazed. Here were two of his most dependable young men —active, and always willing to do their duty. He would never have thought it of them. He had to tell them that, except for "one cigaret" their leaders would have received the ward Aaronic Priesthood award. Naturally, these young men felt bad.

But the bishop was kind. He did not lecture them. His counsel was that of a father with a forgiving, understanding heart. He encouraged the boys not to "try it again." They promised!

This year the bishop interviewed them again and asked, of each, the same question, "Have you kept the Word of Wisdom throughout the year?"

Quickly, and with understandable pride, each of the two boys answered almost word for word, "Yes, bishop, I will never pay the price again for just one cigaret. That one cigaret taught me a lesson I'll never forget. I was so terribly sorry to let you and the fellows down last year."

The bishop and his Aaronic Priesthood leaders will receive the ward Aaronic Priesthood award this year because there were no "one-cigaret" experiments—the price was too high: It is always too high.

Senior Members

Group Advisers Should Be Kind and Considerate

GROUP ADVISERS to senior members of the Aaronic Priesthood should make kindness their watchword in contacts with group members. It is easy to return kindness for kindness, but the real challenge and a mark of greatness is to be kind in the face of abuse. Regardless of how intense the provocation, a kind word or deed will soften the cold or angry heart. Few there be, if any, who can long withhold love and respect from those who are kind and considerate.

Kindness is an attribute of God. It is the offspring and voice of love and one of the most powerful weapons in winning and holding friends. It has been aptly said that "Kindness turneth away wrath." It penetrates the walls of resentment and prejudice and brings light to the dark corners of men's souls. Its conquest of bitterness is as gentle as the sun's rays, and as forceful as the waves of the ocean.

The group adviser who maintains self control and who can speak the gentle word when the occasion may prompt explosiveness, will win the respect and friendship of his group members which is the first great step to his success.

Ward Teaching

Senior Companions to Train Junior Companions

ONE OF THE important features of a good ward teaching program is the proper training of junior companions.

Senior companions should be kind, considerate, and understanding of their less-experienced colleagues. They should not think of them as silent partners but should consult and counsel with them in all matters pertaining to ward teaching. The most effective method for promoting harmony in the training process is for companions to make preparations together, always recognizing the value of prayer and study.

Detailed planning is necessary before setting out to make the visits. They should decide upon who will conduct the discussion in each home.

When the senior companion conducts the discussion, he should, as a courtesy, ask his companion for opinions and comments. Such a senior companion seldom fails to gain the respect and confidence of his companion which is vital to successful training and effective ward teaching.

PERFECT ATTENDANCE RECORDS FROM NORTH POCATELLO STAKE



Nine Aaronic Priesthood bearers from the North Pocatello (Idaho) Stake have attended all priesthood and sacrament meetings in their respective wards for more than one year.

Today's Family



The Kitchen Spotlight on Stan Russon

DRAMA IS WHERE you find it, whether on stage or in Stan Russon's kitchen. And when Stan is at work, it is neither tragedy or comedy, but good, straight kitchen cookery for which he wins thunderous dining room applause. As a matter of fact his family often requires a command performance of some of his specialties. But that is not surprising, for when you ask Stan about his cooking, he just seems to twinkle from head to toe and says, "I just love it!"

But "loving it" is typical of this man, for he embarks upon all his activities in that spirit. And that perhaps is a major contributor to his many successes.

Although a jeweler by profession, vice president and general manager of the Leyson-Pearsall Jewelry Store in Salt Lake City, Stan Russon is perhaps even better known through the Church as "Mr. Drama," for in his thirteen years as a member of the YMMIA general board he has been a sparkplug to MIA dramatists throughout all the stakes. In and out of the Church he is recognized for his theatrical performances, and he maintains that it all stemmed from his first on-stage appearance in a play in the Twenty-first Ward in Salt Lake City as a boy of twelve or thirteen years. From that beginning, although high school athletics interfered for a time, his name seemed to be written in stardust. Being small of stature for college athletics and having tasted of the thespian thrill through his ward and also through two high school musicals, Stan answered the call of the theater in college, and there one success followed another.

But his biggest success came the first summer the Maude May Babcock players trouped. "It was barnstorming in all its glory," Stan explains. "Allien was one of the troupe—and I was there—and we were in southern Utah where the moon was so low you could almost reach up and touch it, and—" And from there the romance of the theater became the romance of Allien Robertson and Stanley Russon.

After their marriage, Broadway beckoned, so Father Robertson gave Stan and Allien a theatrical trouper's trunk for Christmas, and they packed to go to New York to accept some professional opportunities that had been offered.

"But," Stan recollects, "before we locked the trunk, I grew a little wary. It just didn't seem to be the thing to do. So, we unpacked, and here we are."

And with honest relief he says, "Boy, am I glad we didn't go," and then explains: "It is almost impossible to have any normality of living when on stage. You must yield to the demands of the footlights, producers, and audiences." He counsels would-be footlighters: "Stay home; build a home; live with and enjoy your family. That's the only way to do, and especially within the Church. Make theater your *hobby*."

And because he did stay home, Stan Russon has met with happiness and success in his business; he has had the privilege of serving in ward and stake MIA superintendencies, has been both a second and first counselor in his bishopric, has given thir-



—*Hal Rumel photo*

Daughter Diane, Stan, his jelly, and manzanita planter.

Know Your L D S Cooks

teen valuable years to the YMMIA general board of the Church, and has recently been called from there to preside as bishop of the North Thirty-third Ward in Bonneville (Utah) Stake.

Among the members of Theta Alpha Phi the name of Stan Russon is written with honor, appreciation, and fond memories of successes of the past and anticipation of significant contributions to the stage in the future. He was president of Theta Alpha Phi for two terms of two years each, and also has served as president of the Deseret Players, now the Salt Lake Theatre group, for two terms. His sixty or more performances on the stage of Kingsbury Hall have been memorable events for Salt Lake theater audiences.

The artistic talent in this man is not limited to the stage or the kitchen, for the interior of his home reflects other of his abilities, including do-it-yourself remodeling, paper hanging, furniture refinishing, and other decorating activities. Last year while Allien was in California he papered, painted, built valances, selected new carpet and draperies, and had a surprise bedroom for her when she returned.

It is well-known that his father was a painter of note, and apparently he bequeathed this talent to Stan. Unfortunately Stan is able to spend little time at the canvas, but his artistic eye is always busy. On a deer hunt of recent years he spotted a piece of manzanita shrub. This he trimmed to suit his needs, shellacked it to emphasize the rich red and gray coloring, set it in an old iron pot, and now has it in the kitchen window with ivy climbing through its branches.

With the same meticulous attention, Stan approaches his food specialites as a serious-minded gourmet. As a matter of fact, he subscribes to the magazine for all such specialists, and from there he draws his fabulous dishes, all served a la Russon.

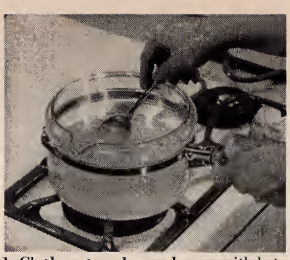
With his own alterations and suggestions, he submits

Coo Coo Pie

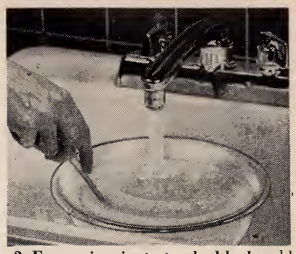
(serves about six)

Filling:
1½ cups cooked chicken
2 tablespoons flour
1 cup milk
2 tablespoons butter
¼ teaspoon salt

(*Continued on following page*)



1. Clothes stay cleaner longer with hot starch, because it penetrates deeper . . . doesn't just coat the surface. This helps keep dirt out . . . gives a softer, more pliable finish. You can make perfect hot starch with Faultless Starch in barely a minute, without cooking.

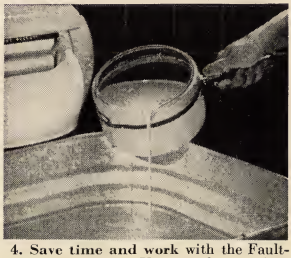


2. For a crisp, just-starched look, cold starch is perfect for collars and cuffs, dickeys, lace edgings, ruffles, blouses, etc. And it's so quick and easy—you can wash, starch and iron dry . . . all in minutes! Faultless Starch makes perfect cold starch—instantly.

Do you know these secrets of successful starching?



3. For in-between washday starching, bottled starch is handy and convenient—but ready-made liquid starch is expensive. With Faultless Starch you can make your own Better Bottled Starch for less than a penny a quart. Quick, easy directions are on the Faultless Starch package.



4. Save time and work with the Faultless Starch-Rinse. You starch and rinse at the same time, in your last tub of rinse water. Gives everything a very light starching that resists dirt. Makes ironing easy, too, because Faultless Starch contains ironing-aids.



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THE KITCHEN SPOTLIGHT ON STAN RUSSON

(*Continued from preceding page*)

⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon parsley

Dice the chicken. Melt butter in saucepan, then stir in flour, salt, and pepper, and blend until smooth. Gradually add slightly warmed milk to mixture, stirring constantly to avoid lumping. Bring sauce to boil and cook for two minutes. Add parsley and diced chicken.

Pastry:
½ cup shortening
1½ cup flour
½ teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons cold water

Mix into a pastry, roll, and cut into six portions. Take a generous portion of the chicken mixture and envelop it with the crust and shape as an apple turnover. Bake in a 350° F. oven for 35 minutes.

Sauce:
Mix a topping sauce from:
2 tablespoons chicken fat
2 tablespoons flour
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup chicken broth
Pour over piping hot coo coo pies.

Cheese Blintzes

Batter:
2 rounded tablespoons flour
cold water
2 eggs
butter

Add to the flour enough cold water to make a syrupy mixture. Add one egg and beat so it is mixed; then add another egg. Melt a piece of butter about the size of a walnut in the frying pan and add to above mixture. No salt is to be used.

Cook over medium flame, having touched the bottom of the pan with a little butter to start, drop just enough batter to cover entire bottom of pan, and immediately pour off any surplus. This is important. Allow to cook. When the bottom side is done, hit pan on bottom and flip out the thin pancake, place uncooked side down on a clean cloth, and roll with the following as a filling:

1½ pounds dry cottage cheese (available from the dairy)
butter
sugar
1 egg

Break up the cheese until fine. Add a piece of butter, sufficient sugar to sweeten, and one egg. (If too dry, add a little milk.) When desired, nutmeg may be added.

After pancake has been rolled, fry several at once in the pan, and serve hot. Stan said that this is a Russian dish that is certain to win favor with late supper guests as well as the family.

Happiness Cake

1 cup common sense
½ cup justice
1½ cup love

Sift with 1½ teaspoon mutual confidence, add two portions of a sense of humor, spice to taste with wit and nonsense, and bake in oven of approval. Ice with generous appreciation, and serve up a happy marriage.

The times Stan enjoys the kitchen the most are when he and his son Robert bring home trout, pheasants, ducks, or their annual buck. And Stan likes to prepare his wild game in his own way. But on the hunt he is also on the lookout for ground cherries, chokecherrics, and other wild fruits, because from them he makes his own jellies and preserves. "The natural pectin in wild fruit is wonderful! You just don't have to worry about the jelly setting, and the flavor is exceptional." One of his favorites is the flowering crab apple species with the tiny red apple. "Many people believe these are not edible, but they make superb jelly for hot rolls, wild game, and lamb." He also gathers ground cherries for preserves, chokecherries, and he is justifiably proud of his strawberry jam.

Flowering Crab Apple Jelly

Pick the tiny red apples the latter part of August, wash thoroughly, halve to be certain they are not wormy, and then match the amount of fruit with an equal amount of water, and slowly boil down into a pulp. Do not core or peel the little apples because all parts add to the tastiness of the jelly. Allow the pulp to drip from a bag, match the drained juices with sugar, bulk for bulk, bring to boil and boil for twenty minutes. Bottle and wax. The jelly has, at the same time, both a sweet and tart taste, which makes it very delectable.

"It's the simplest jelly imaginable," says our cook," and such a beautiful red that it requires no coloring. It would be an insult to those little red apples." Absolutely no pectin is necessary.

For a slightly different taste, Stan suggests adding one cup of raspberries to each two quarts of apples for a superb blending of flavors and a jelly that will equal or surpass any currant jelly ever eaten.

Ground Cherry Preserves

Some time in the fall when you are country-walking or pheasant hunting, look along the ground near the cornfields for ground cherries. They grow on a little vine that trails along the ground adorned with small husks looking like tiny Japanese lanterns. The cherry within the husk is ripe when both it and the husk are yellow in color. Pluck the husk, blow into it, and pop it between your hands, and there is the little cherry.

Make this the same as any other preserves, matching fruit bulk with sugar, boiling, cooling, and sealing.

Strawberry Preserves

To four measuring cups of lovely large and well-cleaned berries, add four cups of sugar. Bring to a boil and boil ten minutes. To this mixture add another four cups of berries and four cups of sugar and bring entire mixture to boil and allow to boil for another ten minutes. "And you'd better add a touch of red food coloring," Stan suggests, "and always allow to cool and stand one day before sealing."*

Steamed Duck

Now's a good time to dig that duck out of your deep freeze and really cook it right. Of course you'll singe it well and scrub it thoroughly several times with a detergent water because the wild and greasy taste comes from the outside skin. Then draw it, plump into the cavity a big juicy onion, and place in a pressure cooker until well cooked. Stan says he puts about one-half cup of water in the cooker, sets the pressure for 15 pounds and cooks 15 minutes. Then he has the oven very hot, and he pops the duck into the oven for a quick browning and serves it. This way the fowl is juicy and tasty. Try it. This idea will revolutionize your attitude toward succulent duck.

Stan is not a specialty cook only. When Allien is teaching at UCLA each summer, he manages the family meals for Diane, 21, Robert, 17, and occasionally daughter Shirley and her husband Rhees Ririe, and their little one-year-old Robin. This is the family for which Stan and Allien stayed

*Some experts also recommend that the preserves be put on a shelf in the sun, covered with a glass, and allowed to become sun-cured for three days before sealing.

home from Broadway, and today they are happy they did.

The artistic talents of the parents are evident in each of the children, for Shirley has her master's degree from New York University in modern dance and is now on the staff of the University of Utah; Diane will graduate from college this next summer and, in addition to continuing her exceptional paintings, has plans to follow in her sister's footsteps; and Robert is an instrumentalist, specializing on the clarinet, saxaphone, oboe, and flute, and also has been before the footlights at different times since he was six years old.

So the members of this family share their hobbies as well as their everyday living, and whether Daddy, Bishop Russon, or Mr. Drama, as he may be called, Stan is a chef and chief in his household.

P.S. Stan always makes graham cracker pie crust. "It's safer," says he.

HANDY HINTS

Payment for Handy Hints used will be one dollar upon publication. In the event that two with the same idea are submitted, the one postmarked earlier will receive the dollar. None of the ideas can be returned, but each will receive careful consideration.

When the rollers on a clothes wringer become glazed and slippery from use, rough them up with coarse sandpaper and give them new life.—*S. E. H., Chicago, Illinois.*

A full-circle petticoat with a ruffle on edge can be made without seams from a used or new full-size bed sheet. When starched, it will give the teen-ager's felt or quilted skirt the desired "full look" always. Besides it will be of reasonable price, for some sheets can be had for under two dollars, and with a little extra money, colored sheets can be used to match skirts.—*Mrs. V. H., Roy, Utah.*

Just keep a one-cup plastic measuring pitcher in your sugar bin, can, or bag. When you are making up a recipe, it only takes a few seconds to measure the amount of sugar needed. And it works just as well as a sugar scoop to fill the sugar bowl, too. —*Mrs. B. B., Montpelier, Idaho.*

To thread yarn through a needle, try this simple method: First, insert the doubled end of a piece of thread through the needle and then insert the yarn end through the resulting loop of thread. You can now pull the thread and yarn through the needle with little trouble.—*Mrs. G. H., Hinckley, Utah.*

When jelly refuses to harden, place the glasses of jelly in a shallow pan half full of warm water and bake them in a moderate oven until set.—*Mrs. C. L., Mt. Vernon, Ill.*



Busy women take time out for cooking contests

Governor Lee Congratulates Utah Cooks

Mrs. Joseph Holbrook (left) of Syracuse, and Mrs. Howard Stringham of Bountiful, receive well deserved congratulations from Utah's Governor Lee. Both ladies won top awards in cooking competition at the State Fair last fall. Mrs. Holbrook won 11 awards plus a sweepstakes, and Mrs. Stringham won 17.

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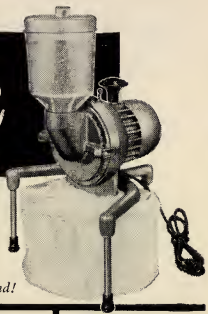
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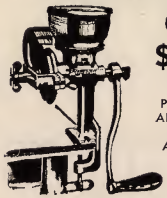
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For a table center or a room trim, make a "tree of hearts" by silvering a small branch and "planting" it in a pot of sand. From the silvered twigs hang small red hearts tied to the branches by tiny red or white or silver ribbons. Now cover the flower pot and sand with the kitchen aluminum foil or other silver paper, and tie a big red satin bow around it. Of course red tinfoil hearts would be shimmeringly beautiful, but colored art paper would suffice.

The "tree of hearts" is not only attractive, but it can also be used for game purposes; for example, write on each heart an appropriate song title, name of a book, and so forth, for a game of Valentine's charades. The pantomimer would go to the tree, pluck a heart, show the opposing team his selection, and then try to pantomime it for his own team. If two different groupings of titles are desired, some hearts on the tree could be silver, or some of the red could be trimmed with lacey paper doilies.

Be certain to have many hearts on the tree so that at the conclusion of the entertainment it will be a pretty "tree of hearts."

What girl's heart hasn't done a quick flip at a wink from a handsome man? To see who can keep his gal at your party, try "Winkum." Have all the girls sit in a circle and the men stand in back of their chairs. One extra chair and one extra man should be in the circle. The "flirter" (the man with the empty chair) winks at one of the girls. She tries to get up and dash to his empty chair, but if her partner tags her before she leaves, she must remain. If he isn't able to tag, she becomes the partner of the winking man, and her original partner then tries to get a new girl in the same manner. Of course, the men must keep their arms to their sides during the game. "Oh me, everybody's got my girl," says he.

What better time for "Courtship" than Valentine's! Let's play by having the guests sit around the room and giving to each a sheet of paper with the names of a different couple on each. These should be folded under and well-concealed. Then the leader will explain that as he makes



Half the fun is helping!

—*H. Armstrong Roberts Photo*

certain statements, each individual will write the answer on his paper. After each answer the paper is folded by each player and handed to the right to the next person who will write the second answer, and so on. These are the statements to be answered: Where they first met; what she said; what he said; what she had on; what he had on; where they went; what happened; they said good night. When the last statement is written, the papers are unfolded and each player reads aloud his courtship story.

AFTER THE evening's entertainment, for a simple refreshment try a Valentine cake and ice cream. Bake a white cake in two heart-shaped molds (or individual molds if desired), and tint one layer a delicate pink. Ice these with the much-loved white mountain icing, but for Valentine's change it to "pink mountain" icing by substituting maraschino cherry juice for the water in your favorite recipe. Complete the theme with strawberry revel ice cream and pink lemonade. Of course, the ice cream and cake should be served on dainty paper doilies.

If you prefer to "have a heart," fill heart-shaped meringues with whole strawberries, sprinkle with confectioners' sugar, and top with whipped cream.

Add your ideas to these and have a warm-hearted Valentine's party.

P.S. Even if you aren't partying, try these ideas for a dessert surprise for your special Valentine, with love.

VALENTINE FOR A HUSBAND

By Alma Robison Higbee

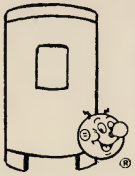
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First Formal

by Lucille Waters Mattson

DAUGHTER mine, I have helped you with your zipper, approved your make-up and coiffure, greeted your first date, and tried to ease his self-consciousness and send you both on your way to the Gold and Green Ball with laughter and anticipation. In a few moments I will dress and go to the recreation hall to watch you dance in the floor show. But for a brief space I must think of the meaning of tonight.

I see you again standing before me in the lemon yellow "first formal," which to us is a demure and beautiful creation from its long full skirt to the finely tucked bodice, cap sleeves, and dainty collar. (The style is so like you—modest, neat, and without frills, almost to the point of being plain, though myself I would prefer ruffles and lace.) I feel again the terrible weight which lay on my heart as I sewed the tiny tucks and the voluminous skirt. I see you lying so pale and ill for weeks and remember how patient and sweet you were about it, how faithfully you took your medicine and reminded me of the tiresome thermometer. I recall the anxiety and worry that pressed on my mind as I tried to assure you that you would be well enough to go to the ball in the lovely formal. Best of all, I remember the love and thankfulness I felt for your faith in God's healing mercy.

Every time I see the dress I shall think of tonight. For tonight is the link between the past and the future, between childhood and womanhood, between those days when I stitched upon a "first formal" for a little girl and the days ahead when out of the broken bands of childhood shall emerge a beautiful young woman.

Tonight as you stood before me, a little pale but well and happy, you little realized how full was my heart—the pride and joy in your physical and spiritual cleanliness and beauty, the trust in your judgment and character, the hope for your happiness and prayer for your safety at all times, and mingled with it all, the sense of loss for a little girl. Never, until you experience motherhood, shall you fully comprehend how a mother's heart goes always with her child.

Tonight may well be the foundation for your whole life, for you will begin to set the pattern for your future conduct and consequently for your life. It is a wonderful privilege to be able to find entertainment in such clean, wholesome surroundings, to be able to accept dates and choose your companions among people of such high standards and ideals.

Your future actions will also reflect the teachings of your home. I feel humble to have had the responsibility of teaching you and at the same time I feel fearful that I may not have fulfilled that responsibility well and that sometime in the future Satan may find the place where I have failed.

After tonight much of the responsibility and decisions are yours. I hope you will recognize the magnitude of your responsibility of growing up—your whole life will depend upon it, and all eternity. Be humble and prayerful and remain your same sweet self. A "first formal" is a lovely thing, like the first flight of a nestling. May it always be remembered with sweet memories as the beginning of many happy times and no regrets. God keep you always as sweet and beautiful as you are tonight.

DIABETES COMES TO OUR HOUSE

(*Continued from page* 81)

other was the meal by meal chart of how much protein, carbohydrates, and fat she could have, with the total for the three meals and two snacks. For days both she and I would sit down before each meal and figure out exactly what she could have from the food prepared for that meal. Mealtime became arithmetic time. Then we would weigh (on postage scales I had bought) and measure most carefully. How thrilled we were when the urine turned blue with each test, showing there was no sugar and that we were figuring the food correctly. We were mastering the disease! Even the testing of

urine seemed simple when I found a new method. It involved only the placing of five drops of urine in a test tube with ten drops of water. Then a special tablet was dropped in and immediately the mixture began bubbling. At first, it turned blue and would stay that way if there were no sugar present. If there were a trace of sugar, it would turn to green, and if there were a great amount, it would turn to orange or even to brown.

When the Christmas holidays were over and Lynn returned to school, I sent a note to each of her teachers telling her that Lynn was now a diabetic, enclosing a wrapped hard candy and asking her to keep it in her desk so that it would be there in case she were to go into insulin shock at any time. That was a very unwise thing to do, I discovered later, for it made her seem abnormal in their eyes, and there was no need for it. If she has had a blue test before breakfast (indicating no sugar in the urine), then her shot is the regular amount of insulin, her diet the usual one, and we know that she cannot have insulin shock! If her test is green or yellow, her insulin dosage is stepped up slightly. We have learned now how to adjust this easily. And we don't worry now, for we have learned over the two years that as long as Lynn maintains her diet, does not exercise unusually strenuously, and consistently tests her urine twice a day, insulin shock is not possible.

We have learned, too, to laugh off her inability to eat sugar. At first, she came home in tears many times because the class was to have a party and she would look so "queer" when she couldn't eat anything. For a few times I tried sending with her special cookies and candy allowed diabetics. But that was no legitimate substitute to her when the other children noticed the difference in her refreshments and asked embarrassing questions. So we decided on a new plan of action that has worked out beautifully. Now at parties she eats almost as much as others. We cut her meal before the party a great deal, and after she gets home and tells us what she has had, we adjust the count of the following meals and snacks to it. She eats ice cream and cookies in small amounts but enough to make it seem she is completely normal. If anyone urges her to indulge in punch, candy, or frosting,

(*Continued on following page*)

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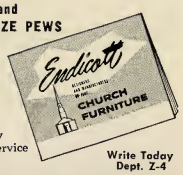
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DIABETES COMES TO OUR HOUSE

(*Continued from preceding page*)

she nonchalantly tells them she is "allergic" to them. So many youngsters are allergic to things now that it really works, and she is accepted as normal.

Diabetes once was a killer as cancer is now. Thanks to medical science, it has been conquered and almost each month brings something new and more helpful in the control of this disease. At first, Lynn had to take a large amount of two kinds of insulin. These could not be mixed except at the time the shot was given, so that two bottles had to be used and the insulin mixed as best possible after taking it into the syringe. Now a new type insulin makes it possible to have the two mixed before bottling. This insulin is of double strength, too, thus cutting in half the amount to be injected.

Saccharine provided the only sweetening Lynn could have. When foods were cooked, it seemed to lose its strength. Worse still, it turned unpalatably bitter when used in certain foods such as citrus fruits, rhubarb, and so forth. Recently there has been developed a new type of sweetening which does not lose its strength nor taste bitter. Often we use it for our desserts, too, so that Lynn feels again more normal because we eat what she does.

The doctor's suggestion that diabetes might prove a blessing in disguise has become a reality. All of us are eating more carefully since we have to balance Lynn's diet so carefully. Usually our desserts were pie, rich puddings, or even candy. Now they are fresh fruit with occasional custards and simple milk puddings that Lynn can have with her own sweetening. A Sunday or holiday dessert is a sponge or angel food cake with whipped cream frosting. The cream can be flavored with this sweetening and tastes just as good, we think, as the icings heavy with sugar.

Lynn's first diet called for minute amounts of butter, cream, bacon, and other fats—things she has always loved. In order to give her more of these, we discovered skimmed milk. Now all of us drink it and love it. Our milk bill is much lower, yet we are getting the benefits of milk except the fat. And Lynn can thus have more butter, bacon, peanut butter, and cream.

As a youngster Lynn was addicted to tantrums, perhaps no more than most children, but too many to suit us. After trying various methods prescribed by psychology books, neighbors, doctors, and our own imagination, we despaired of any disciplinary method working with her. Diabetes has been our discipline. You see, she can't scream and kick her heels and do anything against this disease. Nature says to her, "No, you can't eat this; yes, you must eat this and have more exercise. You can refuse to take this painful shot, but the results will be more painful." She may rebel and not do some of the prescribed things, but the punishment of headaches, dizziness, and nausea is quick to come. Knowing this, she has learned to obey. Obedience to this disease is teaching her, as we could never do, obedience to other commands and needs. She is developing such a sweet, helpful disposition that often we forget to look on her sickness as a curse. She has learned the hard way that she can't always have everything her own way but that when she does as she should she is rewarded.

The other children are learning valuable lessons, too. They have learned to give up some of their sweets. Since our food budget does not stretch so that they may have all of the meat and cheese necessary for Lynn's diet, often they must be content with small portions or none when she has the lion's share. When Lynn's brother had to have his teeth straightened and was told by the dentist that he must not have candy or gum during the period of wearing braces, his wails were quickly silenced by the reminder that Lynn could never have candy, and hence he should not mind a two or three year deprivation. When he begins to chew gum again, he'll have Lynn's, for we've found the kind without sugar as palatable as the others, and our dentist tells us it will save many decays and toothaches since chewing gum with its consequent sugar deposits down into the gums is very detrimental to teeth.

We have all learned to admire Lynn's courage in giving herself the shots, and because of her heroic example each day, the children hesitate to cry over such things as cuts and burns. After all, they can't be less courageous than she.

Fundamentally a lover of handiwork and sedentary pleasures, Lynn has learned to be active, to dance, run and play more than she would ordinarily have done because this enables her to burn up more sugar and hence eat more of the things she wants.

Diabetes has even saved us money, in one respect at least. When Lynn's brother became so afflicted with hay fever that it was decided he needed daily shots for several months and then bi-weekly shots for three or four years, the doctor was quick to suggest I might give them because of my experience in giving Lynn her shots. His friends' families are spending sometimes as high as $25.00 a month in shots for suffering hay fever victims. His shots are only one or two dollars a month—the expense of the serum.

Lynn has been afraid that she could not live a normal life. Therefore, we have gone out of our way to meet and talk to other diabetics. One charming diabetic mother of five children is Lynn's ideal. As long as Lynn can have dates as she gets older, can be married (if she doesn't marry someone with a history of diabetes in his family), and can have children, she is content. At first she was afraid to leave home and go on trips with friends, fearful something would go wrong or that she would be embarrassed because of her affliction. But after her first experience at the summer camp where she managed beautifully for a week with purse-size kits of insulin, syringe, and testing units, she fears no trip. She knows that with care and common sense she can enjoy all activities.

At eleven she is an excellent dietician, amazing her teachers and schoolmates whenever the subject of nutrition and diet are brought up. She knows, for instance, if she cuts two ounces of protein from her evening meal, how much carbohydrate and fat she must also cut to compensate for it. She can tell instantly of which vegetables or fruits she can have one tablespoon compared to half or one cup of others.

Yes, diabetes, a dread and horrible disease, came to our house. But after a stay of two years, it has become quite an accepted member of the family, not loved but endured quite readily, for in some ways it has been good for us. It's good to know that our family can take something like

(*Concluded on following page*)



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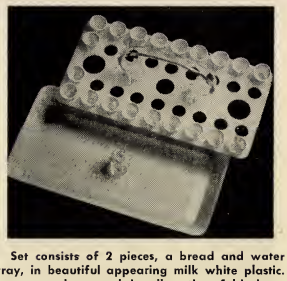
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Diabetes Comes to Our House

(*Concluded from preceding page*)

this in its stride. It makes us more courageous to face any other problem life brings to us and more sure that we can surmount life's obstacles if we will but try.

Keeping Young at Heart

by Eva Willes Wangsgaard

I LEARNED early that we are born to give. I cast my bread upon the waters knowing it will return after many days, but I never stand on the shore demanding that it come at a certain time from a certain direction. To demand is to court disappointment. By keeping appreciation alive I find returns are often surprisingly generous, and I might miss them if I were too intent on governing time and direction. Too often we behave as if nothing good would ever come our way if we didn't go out and drive it in. Like a surf-rider I try to keep myself relaxed to meet the swells and troughs of life, and the ride is wonderful.

I keep wonder warmly alive. It sharpens my observation and appreciation. Anger and despondency dissolve before the marvelous intricacies of an infant's hand, a young girl's beauty, an athlete's grace. My heart thrills to the exquisite design and fragrance of a rose, the delicate texture of begonia petals, the ingenuity of a dandelion, the golden marbles of sound a meadowlark rolls around the sky's blue hill.

Little children smile and confide in me as I walk by, and I pause to listen and answer them. I share my joy in loveliness with those who gave it to me by offering them sincere compliments. Their smiles help me to keep young at heart.

I keep young at heart by refusing to worry. An old gentleman gave me an object lesson once which I have never forgotten. An interurban train had run off the track down the canyon, and we parents had gathered in the general store which was also the station. Our children were on that train returning from the county high school. One mother was particularly demonstrative, walking back and forth wringing her hands. An

old neighbor tapped her on the shoulder and asked, "Have you had definite word that your daughter has been injured?"

She looked startled and said, "No!"

"Then you can have it any way you want it," he said, "at least, till you find out, and you're silly if you want it that way."

I've been ashamed to worry ever since. Coming events casting their shadows before prove good as often as ill. The young heart is faithful; the faithful heart anticipates goodness. The young heart accepts the inevitable, lets go gracefully when it must, looks outward not inward, spreads light not gloom. The young heart accepts its own responsibilities cheerfully, leaving to God decisions that are God's. The young heart gives and absorbs joy, because it is grateful, not doubtful. Joy is itself a prayer of gratitude.

Long ago I resolved that every night during that moment just before falling asleep I would recall the loveliest thing the day had given me. Through the years it became a habit. To find the loveliest, I had to emphasize the lovely and minimize the unpleasant things all day. One moment of beauty colored a whole day. Some nights I had to search earnestly, others I had to see loveliness through a screen of tears, but few days yielded nothing to cherish. Now I am rewarded with many beautiful memories I might otherwise have missed, and their aura of happiness keeps me young at heart.

Mamacita

(*Concluded from page 74*)

When I become discouraged or downhearted, I think of *Mamacita's* fine children whom she has reared to successful adult sons and daughters, of the hot days in summer when she perspires under the boiling sun, of the cold days in winter when she rubs her hands to bring back the circulation, with never a complaint, and at all times practising what she sincerely believes in her heart to be true: "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

Yes,—when you ride away from *Mamacita's* place in your car, you wonder just what it is that makes the world look a little brighter, and then you remember the friendly, twinkling eyes, and her enticing smile!



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Your Page and Ours

CORRECTION

Elder Archibald F. Bennett, author of the series "Solomon Mack and His Family" has called attention to an error made in the first line of the article appearing in the January magazine. It reads "Of his eldest brother, Solomon Mack wrote."

That line was supplied at the last moment by the editorial department. It should have read: "Of *her* eldest brother, *Lucy Mack Smith* wrote."

Japanese Mission
Okinawa District

Dear Brethren,

It is with great pride that we of the Okinawian district write this letter. We hope that you will share in our pride as we announce that the district comprised of the Naha, Kadena, and Sukiran groups, presented for the first time on the island an LDS roadshow. It was held on Thursday May 12, 1955.

We feel that although this was the first one, it turned out exceptionally well, and that it accomplished the spirit of participation that is the purpose of these activities. There were approximately sixty in attendance.

The three plays presented were "The Lighthouse Keeper's Daughter," by the Naha group, "You Are There," by the Sukiran group, and "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," (Okinawian style) by the Kadena group.

After the program, refreshments were served by the ladies of the district. It is our belief that an enjoyable evening was had by everyone.

We hope that this information can be of use to you in The Improvement Era. We regret that we did not obtain pictures of the event. May the Lord's blessings be with you at home, that happiness and prosperity will be your lot. We remain,

Your brethren in the gospel,
/s/ Charles R. Sanders, Secretary
Sukiran Group

Newport, Oregon

Dear Editors,

I certainly enjoyed your series on the Martin Harris story and looked forward to it each month. There are so many other really worth-while features in The Improvement Era that it would take the entire page to mention them. I look forward to it each month and read it almost from cover to cover.

Sincerely your brother,
(Signed) W. K. Bellamy

Naktong, Korea

Dear Brethren,

Since I have been receiving The Improvement Era, it has been passed around the Compound and I have had quite a few men come and ask me questions about my religion. As I am the only LDS member here I find the magazine a good "Morale Builder."

There are only twelve men here on the Compound but we hold a general service each Sunday afternoon.

May God's blessing be with you always,

/s/ A/2C Donald R. Ames

Durham, Missouri

Dear Sir:

I would like to tell you how very much I enjoy receiving The Improvement Era. It was given to me as a gift from my parents. Since I have moved away from the main body of the Church, I miss attending the meetings and the good fellowship of my fellow members, but the Era brings me closer to my Church and family.

I thank you sincerely for this wonderful magazine.

Yours very truly,
/s/ Mrs. A. E. Myers

HORSES AND INDIAN PICTOGRAPHS



Articles on "Horses in Ancient America" were published in the October and December (1955) issues of The Improvement Era. Photographs of Indian pictographs representing horses and a carving from a wall of the Temple of the Plaques at Chichén Itzá depicting a horse were used to illustrate the articles. Since their publication, Sister LaVerna Hyatt, Elsinore, Utah, and Sister Amy Avery, Venice, Utah, sent President Milton R. Hunter this unusual photo of an Indian pictograph from the mountains near Elsinore.

The date of the Indian pictograph has not been ascertained, but it is generally conceded that as a general rule Indians made their pictographs before the advent of white men.

Jolon, California

Dear Editors:

I have received the Era for quite some time now. I think that no greater magazine could ever be published to help LDS servicemen abroad.

I never have liked anything better than "The Spoken Word," by Richard L. Evans.

May God bless you all.

Sincerely,
/s/ Pfc. J. C. Spencer

APO
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Editors:

I would like to thank you and everyone concerned with sending the Era to the servicemen overseas. God bless you that you may always keep up the grand work.

It is a help and guide to all the members of this great Church when in the mail they find their Era. We find so much reading material that is only trash, and are so proud of the Church we belong to, when they get the Era to us.

I was stationed in Korea at the time of their conference and was thirilled to see all of the members that attended. It was a very inspirational conference, and I was very proud to be able to attend. It is so wonderful to see that the people at home are thinking of their friends, husbands, fathers, and members of the Church, in a place like Korea.

With the help of the Era, you bring members of the Church back in the fold. And it brings the fellows of the Church that you meet more closely together. Since I have been overseas I have seen great works done through the Era. The people at home will never know what it really does for a GI.

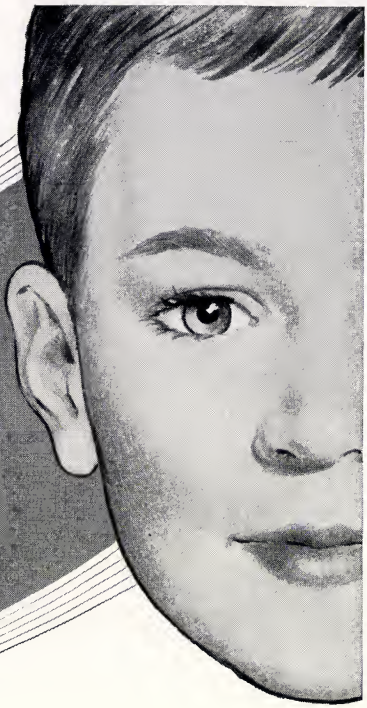
Again, I thank you and the Church for this great work you are doing.

Your brother,
/s/ John Benson

Blackfoot, Idaho

Thank you, Mr. Sandberg. Last month I sent out a piece of copy, "Music Charms," and in the second paragraph I mention blue-eyed people in Yucatan and blond, blue-eyed Indians in North Dakota (Mandans). Mr. Sandberg sent me The Improvement Era, a magazine of the Latter-day Saint Church, in which there is a story of exploration and trip to the temple of the Lacandon Indians of Yucatan. I'm glad I had my facts straight.

/s/ J. C. Sandberg



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